

# THE SKETCH.

No. 96.—Vol. VIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1894.

SIXPENCE.  
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MISS MAY YOHÉ AS THE LADY SLAVEY AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



## THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

**Tuesday.** Rubinstein, "Liszt's only rival," died to-day, at St. Petersburg, of heart disease. Born of Jewish parents in Volhynia, near the Austrian frontier, in 1829, he made his first appearance at a concert at the age of ten. In 1852 his first opera was produced at St. Petersburg, where ten years later he established his Conservatoire.—The Prime Minister, replying to the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, promised to lay the subject of the payment of members before the Government. The deputation thought £300 was the lowest sum that could reasonably be fixed.—The City Commissioners of Sewers rescinded a resolution recommending that Parliamentary powers be sought for the erection of a crematorium at the City Cemetery.—The Lord Mayor formally opened the St. Bride Foundation Institute.—At a Board of Trade inquiry *à propos* of the recent electric explosion in the City, the chief engineer of the City of London Electric Lighting Company said that a far greater number of people would be maimed and killed by slipping on orange peel in the streets of London than were ever likely to be injured or killed by electricity.—The Japanese have taken the town of Siu-Yen, in Manchuria, and the second Japanese Army has had severe fighting near Port Arthur, which will be also attacked by the Japanese fleet.—Her Majesty's cruiser *Phœbe* has arrived at Ascension with nearly all her crew down with fever, as the result of her long stay on the West Coast of Africa.—M. Magnard, the editor of the *Figaro*, was buried, M. Coppée delivering the funeral oration.

**Wednesday.** Mr. Asquith, speaking in Birmingham, which "has, for the moment, ceased to be one of the great centres of the Liberal faith and a rallying point for the forces of progress," said he doubted whether intelligent Tories were content with such a grotesque parody of a Second Chamber as the House of Lords.—At last it has been decided to start a fund with a view to purchasing and preserving the house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, in which Carlyle lived from 1834 onwards to his death in 1881. The house, which is now vacant, and has fallen into a condition of dilapidation, is freehold, and the price required for it is £1750, though a few years ago the property was reserved at £4000. The property would be vested in trustees, and it is intended that a collection of Carlyle memorials should be gradually accumulated in the house.—Mr. Bayard, the American Ambassador, on landing at Southampton on his return to his duties, was welcomed by the Mayor.—A dastardly attempt has been made to wreck the Bournemouth express near Fleet Pond, Hampshire.—The floods in the Thames Valley are subsiding.—A raid was made on an alleged gambling club in Paternoster Row, and forty-five men were arrested.—Salvador Franch, the Anarchist, who threw the bomb in the Liceo Theatre, Barcelona, was executed. He remained obdurate to the end, repudiating his repentance, and scoffing at religion from the scaffold.—The Czar entertained all the royal and distinguished visitors now in St. Petersburg at a banquet in the Winter Palace. All signs of mourning have been removed from the city.

**Thursday.** The School Board struggle in London, which has raged so fiercely for many weeks, ended in the polling to-day. There were very few outward signs of the election.—Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Henry James addressed the Unionists of Heywood to-night. During the next Session, Mr. Chamberlain said, there would be only three measures, dealing with Welsh Disestablishment, Irish Land, and Local Veto, and a resolution against the House of Lords. The alternative policy of the Unionist party would do much to add to the well-being of the people.—Mr. Asquith was entertained at breakfast by the Birmingham Liberal Club, of which he is president.—Lord Tweedmouth was entertained at a banquet in Edinburgh by the Scottish Liberal Association. He said the question of the House of Lords was inextricably involved with every other subject.—Henry Winter, late stage manager at the Garrick Theatre, was sentenced to six years' penal servitude for perjury, by which he had obtained a decree of divorce against his wife.—A dinner was given at the Savoy Hotel to Mr. Norman Lockyer on the occasion of the fiftieth volume of *Nature*.—Port Arthur is described by a correspondent as resembling a city of the dead, only soldiers—and the garrison numbers 20,000 men—being seen in the houses.—The debate was opened in the French Chamber on the Madagascar Credits, and a vigorous attack having been made upon the Government policy by Radical deputies, the discussion was adjourned. Mr. Goschen occupied a seat in the Ambassadors' Gallery.—Great satisfaction is expressed among all classes of the Russian community at the continued presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of York in St. Petersburg, and at the sympathy shown by England for Russia during the recent mourning.

**Friday.** The London School Board Election has resulted in the return of twenty-six out-and-out Progressives, as against nineteen on the old Board; twenty-eight Moderates, and one Independent. The Progressives, however, have a majority of over 136,000 votes. In ten out of the eleven constituencies a Progressive heads the poll. In the City of London, where at the last election a Moderate headed the poll with 10,391. Miss Davenport Hill, a Progressive, is now first with 18,932, being nearly 9000 ahead of the Duke of Newcastle, a Moderate, who comes next on the list. Mr. Athelstan Riley is last on the list of the five members for

Chelsea. No Roman Catholic has been returned.—The Marquis of Ripon, speaking at Wells, said "I am as strong a Home Ruler as ever I was at any period of my life."—Mr. Bryce, at Ipswich, said the Lords destroyed legislation with as little remorse as a flooded river overflowed its banks and ruined the cultivated meadows beside it.—Mr. George Wyndham, at Dover, said the Government was a piebald party with a patchwork programme.—Telephonic communication was opened for the first time between Berlin and Vienna—500 miles.—The marriage contract between the Czar and the Princess Alix was signed by the Ministers, M. de Giers and General Vorontsoff-Dashkoff.—Several members of the French Chamber opposed the proposed vote for the expenses of the Madagascar Expedition, on the ground that this was not the time to withdraw men from Europe and to embark on an enterprise the cost of which was sure to exceed the sum now asked for.

**Saturday.** The Premier figured at two functions in the City this afternoon. He made a handsome presentation, described elsewhere in our issue, on behalf of subscribers, to the Rev. William Rogers, the Rector of Bishopsgate, on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday. "There is not a poor Jew in Houndsditch or in Petticoat Lane whose face will not brighten when he sees you appear," said Lord Rosebery to the hero of the occasion. The Bishopsgate Institute, which is the outcome of a foundation scheme prepared by the Charity Commissioners, consolidating the ancient charities of the parish of St. Botolph Without, Bishopsgate, dating as far back as 1481, was then opened by the Premier. The Institute has cost £70,000.—Mr. John Burns left Liverpool by the *Etruria* for New York.—Alan Walter John Fergusson, son of Sir John Fergusson, ex-Postmaster General, was sentenced at Edinburgh to a year's imprisonment for setting fire to portions of Glenalmond College.—Mr. Hilary Skinner, the oldest war correspondent on the staff of the *Daily News*, is dead.—Port Arthur has been captured by the Japs, who effected their purpose by a torpedo-boat ruse, which diverted the attention of the Chinese from the invaders on land.—Twenty-two artillery have been killed in Honduras by the bursting of a cannon.—The French Chamber concluded the debate on the Madagascar Expedition, and decided, by 390 votes against 112, to discuss the clauses of the Madagascar Credits Bill.

**Sunday.** Details of the fall of Port Arthur are to hand. The attack was begun on Wednesday by the Japanese artillery, the torpedo boats making a simultaneous demonstration seawards. Next morning the fortress was captured, the Chinese garrison, numbering 20,000, surrendering. Eighty cannon and an enormous amount of stores and war material fell into the hands of the victors, whose loss is said to have been only 200.—Mr. Beerbohm Tree addressed a meeting, held in the Queen's Hall, under the auspices of the National Sunday League. Just a year ago to-day he addressed the Sunday Society. He said that the labour which the rational observation of Sunday involved was infinitesimally small when compared with the happiness which it brought to people.—Mr. Frederic Harrison, addressing the Positivists in Fetter Lane, said that a city like London, from its immense size, more or less choked and paralysed municipal activity.—M. Victor Duruy, who was Minister of Public Instruction during the Second Empire, died in his eighty-third year. His father was a working man at the Gobelins Tapestry Works.—The young King of Serbia, on his way home from the Czar's funeral, was received by the Austrian Emperor at the Hofburg Palace, Vienna. In the evening he was the principal guest of the Emperor at a family dinner at the Hofburg. The Imperial party included nine Archduchesses. One correspondent thinks that it was the Emperor's intention to give the young King an opportunity of meeting the ladies of the Imperial House.

**Monday.** The wedding of the Czar and Princess Alix of Hesse was celebrated in the little chapel of the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg. After the ceremony, the royal couple attended the service at the Kasan Cathedral. The Queen gave a dinner party at Windsor Castle in honour of the event.—The newspapers are full of interviews with the new members of the School Board. Mr. Riley said that he expected a party at the Board solid on the religious question in a majority of only one. Now his side had three, and "every man staunch."—The Goldsmiths' Company has given £1000 for the purpose of prosecuting research work in connection with anti-toxin treatment of diphtheria, and supplying the necessary serum for use among the poorer classes of the community. The conjoint board of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons have undertaken the administration of the fund.

## A WISH.

When summer sweetness fills the land,  
And summer sunlight floods the sea,  
When ships sail by on either hand,  
A richly-laden argosy,  
Oh, may my boat, well-freighted, ride  
With priceless treasures on the tide.  
When cruel winds beat on the sea,  
And sullen clouds blot out the land,  
When on the waters close to me  
The shattered ships drift by unmanned,  
Oh, may my heart be strong to bear  
Its portion in the great despair. DOLLIE RADFORD.



# THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

Edited by CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

## *Contents for December 1894:*

COLOURED FRONTISPIECE: "SYMPATHY." By A. E. MANLY.

### LITTLE BETTY'S KITTEN TELLS HER STORY.

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. Illustrations by LOUIS WAIN.

### A HIGHER HAND.

By PERCY ANDREÆ. Illustrations by LOUIS GUNNIS.

### A REVERIE.

From a Photograph by FRANK DICKENS, Sloane Street, S.W.

### SOME BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

By L. F. AUSTIN. Photographs by RUSSELL, ELLIOTT and FRY, LONDON STEREOSCOPIC Co., &c.

### THE AUSTRALIAN COCKATOO'S LAMENT.

By Madame ROTH.

### A HAPPY HOUR WITH SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

By CLEMENT SCOTT. Photographs by Messrs. SARONY, New York, and A. H. CADE, Ipswich.

### TO DIANE.

By ROBERT HERRICK. Illustration by ROBERT SAUBER.

### "INSULTING BEAUTY, YOU MIS-SPEND."

By JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER. Illustration by GILBERT JAMES.

### "POPPY."

By Mrs. KATE PERUGINI.

### LONDON TO NEW YORK BY STEERAGE.

By FRED. A. MCKENZIE. Photographs by J. BYRON, New York.

### MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

By GEORGE GISSING. Illustrations by FRANK CRAIG.

### THE BALLADE OF THE TEMPLE COURTS.

By JAMES D. SYMON. Illustrations by HERBERT RAILTON.

### THE KING'S WELL.

By F. A. STEEL. Illustrations by LANCELOT SPEED.

### "HI! COLONEL! SHALL I CLEAN YER WINDER FOR YER?"

By PHIL MAY.

### THE BENEVOLENT RATTLESNAKE.

By PHIL ROBINSON. Illustrations by CECIL ALDIN.

### A WINTER'S SPORT IN THE ROCKIES.

By W. A. BAILLIE-GROHMAN. Illustrations by R. C. WOODVILLE.

### OLD VERSUS NEW.

By HELEN MATHERS. Illustrations by W. D. ALMOND.

### TWO MAYORS OF BOTTITORT.

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN. Illustrations by ROBERT SAUBER.

### PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

By C. E. HALLÉ.

### THE MIRACULOUS EXPLORER.

By GRANT ALLEN. Illustrations by DUDLEY HARDY.

### A SAILOR'S WIFE.

By KATE GREENAWAY. (Coloured Plate.)

### PRISON BARS.

By MARGARET L. WOODS. Illustrations by CHRIS HAMMOND.

### THE LAND OF A LOST LANGUAGE.

By WILLIAM COPELAND BORLASE.

### CATS' NIGHTMARE.

By LOUIS WAIN.

### THE INCOMPLETE HIGHWAYMAN.

By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE. Illustrations by W. B. WOLLEN.

### THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

### "COME, LET US ALL SWEET CAROLS SING."

By A. L. BOWLEY.

### ON CHLORIS WALKING IN THE SNOW.

By WILLIAM STRODE. Illustration by GILBERT JAMES.

### A CUT AND A KISS.

By ANTHONY HOPE. Illustrations by RENÉ BULL.

### THE PIRACY OF THE NIMHOK.

By C. W. MASON. Illustrations by FRANK CRAIG.

### A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

### SHELLEY IN ITALY.

By RICHARD GARNETT. Photographs by MAGRINI, Via Reggio.

### "COME ALONG, TEA-TIME."

### THE OTHER HALF ON SUNDAY—

### THE LONE BACHELOR.

By HARRY V. BARNETT. Illustrations by JAMES GREIG.

### POWDER AND PAINT.

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## THE LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The Queen's Hall series of ballad concerts commenced under Mr. Boosey's direction on Nov. 24. A new vocalist who appeared was Miss Gertrude Izard, who was not particularly effective in her first song. Mdle. Chaminade played two of her own compositions on the pianoforte. Miss Clara Butt might well take a lesson from the splendid restraint shown by Mr. Lloyd in rendering "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight." The famous tenor has quite as powerful a voice as the young contralto, but he impresses us less with the strength than with the consummate art employed in its use. Another artistic item was Mr. Plunket Greene's pathetic singing of "The Sands o' Dee." Mr. Eaton Fanning's Select Choir needs some colour to distinguish them from the audience in the orchestra; otherwise we have no criticism to offer on its performance, which is of level—not high—excellence. Miss Florence, warmly welcomed on her re-appearance after her marriage, sang a new song, words by Lewis Morris, entitled "Other Days," which is tuneful, and does credit to Felix Corbett, its composer. Mr. Maybrick gave "Queen of the Earth," which is not Pinsuti's best work. Madame Belle Cole indulged in the unusual (for her) treat of an Italian song by Schira, and sang it admirably. Mr. Norman Salmond showed how well he could sing an operatic selection in the way he gave "She alone charmeth my sadness." Then Miss Dale's fresh bright voice was heard in Grieg's "Solvieg's Song," the last verse of which she repeated. Miss Dale seems to be rapidly succeeding to the place so long occupied by Miss Liza Lehmann as the exponent of choice ballads. Mr. Whitney Mockridge, the possessor of a voice of unusual timbre, was very warmly applauded after a song in which his enunciation was exceptionally good.

## THE DANGER OF STAGE SENSATIONS.

Not without attendant risks are the great sensation scenes, with "startling mechanical effects," to which we have been made accustomed by modern melodramatists and stage-carpenters. Only the other day, for instance, an American actor had his hand cut off by a huge circular saw. On the first night of "The Cotton King," at the Adelphi, it may be remembered, the effect of the lift-scene in Act IV. was impaired by a hitch, and in the same scene in the same play at Boston (Mass.) a far more serious affair has lately occurred. The "elevator" descended far more quickly than it ought to have done, and Miss May Wheeler, who was playing the heroine, on perceiving her danger fainted in the shaft, and might have been crushed to death in sight of the audience had not Mr. John Mason, the representative of the hero, hastily smashed the door open with his feet, and rescued the actress, just as the machine was reaching her. As it was, Miss Wheeler was injured, and the curtain had to be rung down. Since then a safety brake has been arranged, with the object of preventing the "elevator" from getting out of control again. The moral is, that across the footlights, as, indeed, in every department of life, the prodigious advance in science has been accompanied by obvious drawbacks.

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 A SPECIAL TRAIN (First and Third Class) will leave Brighton (Central Station) at 11.40 a.m., calling at Hayward's Heath; returning immediately after the Races.  
 A SPECIAL TRAIN (First and Third Class) will leave Tunbridge Wells 12 noon, calling at Groombridge and East Grinstead; returning immediately after the Races.  
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Poor little Bessie was taken into the hospital, though her introduction was irregular even for such an hospitable institution, and nothing was known about her save the date, sex, and birthmark on the left shoulder; however, a birthmark in a play is as good as a birthright in real life. In due course she grew up, was a distinguished ornament of the choir, and eventually was put as apprentice to Mr. Hooley, of "The Royal Stores." Bessie had a sweetheart; how and where she met him I do not know, nor even whether they were ever properly introduced. He was Charlie Appleby, a medical student, son of a solicitor, Sir George Appleby, who, when knighted, cut his whiskers in imitation of those of the famous oracle of the litigious. Charlie was a good boy, and offered Bessie his hand and debts in honourable matrimony, and they entered into one of those indefinite English engagements in which the parties take a Micawber view of life and wait for something to turn up.

Something did turn up; John Brown of Colorado—not the Abolitionist of Ossawatimic—was on the track, hunting for the missing millionairess, and all the clue that he had was the date, sex, birthmark, and fact that Bessie was one of the 500 young ladies in The Royal Stores; consequently, Brown was compelled to apply to Mr. Hooley. Now Hooley, who cut his whiskers in imitation of the Colossus of Westbourne Grove, was a man of business—or, rather, of many businesses, and when he learnt that such an heiress was on his staff he determined to do a deal in her for himself, and wed her and her millions.

It happened that among the young ladies was Miss Ada Smith, a worthy young woman also from the Guildford Street choir, and there were grounds for thinking that she was the object of Brown's search. Ada was engaged to Mr. Miggles, the shop-walker, whose heart, however, was not deeply concerned in the affair. Hooley came to him, told him not to marry, offered him a rise of £20, and persuaded him that a man of his manly charms might do better than marry Ada; so Miggles gave up the girl, and Hooley took his place, but not his patience, for the schemer, aware that there is many a slip 'twixt cheque and cash, persuaded her to consent to a prompt marriage.

After the ceremony was over—ceremony is an inappropriate term for an exchange of two dozen words—Hooley began to doubt. It occurred to him that the evidence of identity was even slighter than in the Tichborne case, and when, on the happy day, at a fancy bazaar, his friends laughed as they congratulated him, fear filled his heart. It was left to Miggles to tell him the awful truth—to Miggles, whom he had tried to defraud, Miggles the jilted, Miggles whom he had insulted—and Miggles, metaphorically speaking, gave him what Isobel Berners called "Long Melford" in Borrow's fight with the Flaming Tinman. Poor Hooley! it was sad to drop from dreams of millions to reality of Ada Smith. There is not much to be said of the love affairs of Bessie, the shop-girl, and Charlie Appleby. The truth was soon discovered, and the course of their true love ran as four millions can make it, and they were married, and made an immense subscription to the Foundling, and lived happy till long after the end of my days.

The piece that Mr. Harry Dam has written is far more to my taste than the ordinary Gaiety burlesque. It has a real plot, handled at times very cleverly, and is full of gay dances, pretty songs, and lively scenes. There are rather too many currants in the bun—or, to be accurate, there is too much bun; but that can easily be changed, and then it will be deadly to dull care. Not only must credit be given to Mr. Dam for smart dialogue and clever play-writing, but also to "Adrian Ross" for lyrics worthy of his name, to Mr. Ivan Caryll for charming music, though the old phrase, "I fancy I've heard you before," applies at times, and to Mr. Lionel Monckton for some brisk, catching melodies. I hope, however, that the management will see its way to completely eliminate the objectionable dialogue connected with "strawberry marks"—dialogue to which the gallery took an opportunity on the first night of expressing a very natural disgust.

There is too long a company of clever folk for me to give praise wherever it is due, yet I must speak of the pretty singing of charming Miss Helen Lee, who was promoted at short notice, to the able work of Mr. Seymour Hicks as Charles Appleby, and Mr. Robert Nainby as a farcical Frenchman. Mr. Edmund Payne was very funny as Miggles, Miss Katie Seymour danced delightfully as an amorous shop-girl, and the two together in the Japanese duet fascinated all of us by one of the most charming dances imaginable. Miss Ada Reeve is very pleasing as the Shop-Girl, though a little too music-hallish in style at present, and others deserve praise I have no space to give.

MONOCLE.

## MR. DAM, THE AUTHOR.

Mr. H. J. W. Dam, the author of "The Shop-Girl," is a young man in his early thirties, whose dramatic work hitherto has been mainly of a more serious character. In answer to my question Mr. Dam explained how he had turned his attention to lyrical comedy.

"Lyrical comedy," he said, "is not a new departure to me. An ability to write lyrics or verse is a talent which is not uncommon, and was employed by me to a very large extent in my college days; in fact, I believe my first literary appearance was as a class poet, and later on as a poet of occasions and events, when such things as poems are designedly inflicted upon a public unable to escape."

"When did your interest in play-writing begin?"

"Something more than ten years ago, when I wrote a burlesque for a club festivity. At the supper which followed the performance I had the good fortune to have a long talk with the late Mr. Dion Boucicault



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

MR. H. J. W. DAM.

about play-writing as a profession. That eminent dramatist's advice was 'Don't.' As I did not seem inclined to take it, he told me some very pointed things about play-writing, many of which I did not understand at the time, but which I have since discovered to have been profound and penetrative. He said that unless I had the brain of a mathematician and the soul of a poet I had better leave the business severely alone. He advised me—I was a dramatic critic at the time—to go to every first night to watch the play, and to every second night to watch the audience. He said that wherever the attitude of the audience changed, and they began to whisper among themselves and look about, I would find a fault in the play, and if I looked long enough and studied hard enough I would find the law underlying play construction, which," he added, "was not to be found in books."

Mr. Dam devoted himself assiduously to this task for several years, and acquired a great knowledge of the philosophy of play construction without attempting to write anything. "Then," he said, "I ventured on a book of a comic opera, which, to my surprise, was instantly accepted, and produced with a success which made me regret having sold it for a nominal sum. Next I wrote a melodrama, which I naturally considered to be one of the greatest plays ever written, but unfortunately, no one shared my enthusiasm, and, although the play was accepted, it has never been produced."



Mr. Dam's first serious play, "Diamond Deane," was produced at the Vaudeville a few years ago, and ran for six weeks. His next was "The Silver Shell," which the Kendals produced successfully during their season at the Avenue, and then took with them on their American tour. Mr. Dam was somewhat unfortunate with regard to both these plays. The first was purchased by Mr. Tree, and was intended for the Haymarket *matinées*, but Mr. Tree fell ill after the production of "The Dancing Girl," and it had to go elsewhere. Mr. Tree would have produced "The Silver Shell," but for the fact that his part happened to be very similar to that which he was playing in "The Red Lamp." "The Silver Shell" was a play of construction rather than of character, and its excellent qualities in that direction were so marked that it was described as rousing the audience to frenzy at the end of the third act, when they demanded "six curtains." Mr. Dam's serious dramas, so far, have been marked by very powerful constructive qualities, and when he adds to remarkable ingenuity of plot the equally vital element of good characterisation he will produce very effective work.

To return to "The Shop-Girl," I asked Mr. Dam something about the history of that piece.

"I have long," he said, "had a theory—one which is shared by Mr. George Edwardes, with that far-reaching managerial eye which has made his great success—which is, that the taste of the public is becoming more local and real. The whole tendency of the serious drama is towards realisation in the life of to-day. My idea was that this was equally true of the comedy stage, and I believe it only needs a certain amount of constructive skill to find dramas, ranging from farce to tragedy, in the streets of London to-day. It occurred to me, therefore, that, as many thousands of people do business at the large shops and stores in London, and taking into account the fact that people will readily pay to see on the stage what they can see in the streets for nothing, the stores formed an excellent sphere to make the basis of a musical piece. I was reasonably familiar with the Army and Navy Stores and Whiteley's, so I simply took a general store of this kind as a setting, and constructed a plot around "The Shop-Girl." "The Shop-Girl" was a foundling, of whom there are doubtless many in the great stores. She had become an heiress, unknown to herself, to an estate of four millions. There was no reason why she shouldn't, and, in fact, I read a story very similar to it in the dailies a few days before constructing the plot, except that the amount of the fortune was a trifle smaller. A sentimental plot runs through the whole piece."

"The Shop-Girl" does not afford quite the same scope for construction as Mr. Dam's two four-act plays which preceded it, but is sufficiently interesting that it could stand alone as a comedy.

Mr. Dam is a man of great versatility. He has written on almost every conceivable subject, and in every variety of style. He lends to his lighter subjects a peculiar touch of freshness and brilliancy. His tastes are largely scientific, and he has devoted much time to the study of abstruse physiological questions and psychological phenomena, and seems to be as much at home in mental philosophy as in farcical comedy. He is best known, perhaps, as a writer on up-to-date scientific subjects, and since he gave up daily journalism, in which he distinguished himself in various spheres, his journalistic work has consisted mainly of recording the latest steps in the scientific progress of Europe in the pages of American reviews. Lately he has given much attention to a careful study of play construction, and if he has hit the popular taste with "The Shop-Girl" he will soon be heard of again. To receive popular approval is all that any dramatist can ask for, and if Mr. Dam's dramatic capacity develops concurrently with his study of the subtler problems of to-day in their social and wide-reaching aspects, he will prove himself a dramatist of great power.

It is very curious how this sort of work attracts men of ability from more serious studies, for Mr. Dam is not the only versatile man who has entered the ranks of burlesque or musical comedy writers. Mr. Adrian Ross, for instance, two of whose pieces just preceded "The Shop-Girl," has had a very distinguished academic career.

R. D.

## MR. IVAN CARYLL, THE COMPOSER.

"Lunch? Good gracious! You don't think Caryll has time to lunch just now, do you? He lives on his exuberant spirits, and sleeps on the grand piano."

The band rehearsal had been over ten minutes. Mr. Tanner was on the stage putting a few touches to the *mise-en-scène* of Hooley's Royal Stores, and the tasteful way in which he draped the dress on a lay figure would qualify him for an appointment in a fashionable West End dress-maker's, if ever he wishes to abandon stage-management.

"When he has time he goes to the Savoy," he said, in reply to my inquiry as to where I was most likely to find the composer of the music for "The Shop-Girl"; "but from the sound of melody coming from the saloon at the back of the stalls, I rather think you will find him there."

The dust and disorder that the modern builder and decorator leave behind them reigned in that saloon. Carpets and upholstery were piled in confusion around; a piano was at one end of the room, and before it sat the new musical director of the Gaiety—handsome, well groomed, and volatile—busily scribbling on sheets of music paper, occasionally stopping to strike a chord or play the snatch of a refrain, smoking a cigarette, and chatting pleasantly in French all the while with a friend by his side.

"Give you five minutes? Certainly, my dear fellow, with pleasure. What can I do for you? I shan't be long. I'm just finishing the overture. Do you think that's all right? I don't. Listen to this. That's better, isn't it?"

And the pencil flew rapidly over the paper.

"Have a cigarette while you talk to me," and with his disengaged hand he passes me his silver cigarette case.

"You want to interview me? Well, I've never been interviewed in my life. I don't see how anyone can care for the portrait or the personality of a man. When I take up a paper I look at all the portraits of the ladies. The men don't interest me a bit. Ah, now I've got it all right. That's better, isn't it?"

I am certain the overture will set the house in a good humour, and lead the audience to expect a flood of melody in the piece, for it is full of sparkle, tune, and gaiety.

"Go on talking, it won't interrupt me. Tell me what you've heard about me, and I'll stop you if you go wrong."

"You were born at Liège in 1861?"

He nods assent and strikes a chord at the same time.

"At the age of fourteen you obtained a first prize for piano-forte playing at the conservatoire of that town, and three years later won the first prize for composition?"

"Did I? Yes, I remember; but it is so long ago."

"You are married to Miss Geraldine Ulmar?"

"Ah! now I can tell you something. My wife, you know, played in my English version of 'La Cigale,' and—"

It is clear that Mr. Caryll is fond and proud of his charming wife, and it would give him much greater pleasure to talk with me about her than about himself, but that is not my object to-day, and I have to stop him, as discreetly and politely as I can.

"At the age of nineteen you first became a musical director?"

"Oui; au Théâtre Lyrique, Paris."

He had been making a remark to his French friend, and continued mechanically in that language.

"So you were associated with the Lyrique in Paris and the Lyric in London?"

"Yes, I went to the Lyric with 'Dorothy,' and remained there till 'Little Christopher Columbus' was moved to Terry's."

"Now you are musical director at the Gaiety?"

"Yes; and you can't think how nervous and shy I feel, sitting in the chair so long occupied by such a master as Meyer Lutz; but I am glad to be associated with Mr. George Edwardes. He practically gave me my first chance in London. When I was quite unknown to him he wrote, inviting me to contribute some numbers to 'Monte Cristo.'"

"Which you did?"



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MR. IVAN CARYLL.



"Yes, and when 'Dorothy' was moved from the Gaiety Theatre to the Prince of Wales's, Mr. Edwardes engaged me as musical director. I conducted 931 performances of that opera. I shall always remember and be grateful for the generous way in which Mr. Edwardes treated me over that engagement. When I went to the treasury the first week I was paid half as much again as the sum in my contract. I pointed out what I thought was a mistake to the acting manager, but he replied that it was no mistake; Mr. Edwardes was so pleased with my work and my orchestra that he had voluntarily raised my salary from the first week fifty per cent."

"I can quite understand, therefore, that you are pleased to be under Mr. Edwardes's management. Being so long associated with 'Dorothy,' of course you knew Alfred Cellier?"

"He was one of my dearest friends. I assisted in the production of his last two operas, 'Doris' and 'The Mountebanks.' In connection with the last I had a terrible experience. When I was taking my final instructions from poor Cellier he was desperately ill, in fact, he had not the strength to speak, and could only faintly whistle to indicate the tempo at which he wished some of the numbers taken. I lost another dear friend lately in Eugene Oudin. You remember how well he sang that song in the second act of 'Ma Mie Rosette'?"

"Yes; that was your work, wasn't it?"

"That particular song was. In the entire work I collaborated with Lacome."

"What do you consider the most popular song you have written?"

"I should think 'Look in Mine Eyes.' The plantation song, 'Honey, my Honey,' sung by Miss May Yohé in 'Little Christopher Columbus,' had an immense sale. It is now being sung in Paris in a French version of 'Charley's Aunt'; and 'Lazily, drowsily' has been introduced into a new Revue at the Théâtre des Variétés."

"Do you prefer the day time or night for musical composition?"

"I always write in the morning from nine till one. I score at night."

Bang! bang! on the piano. "Now for the *finale*, and I shall have done."

"How long has it taken you to write the music for 'The Shop-Girl'?"

"Exactly five weeks and two days."

"Is the piece going to be a big success?"

"Who knows? We all hope so, and think so, of course; but it never does to be sanguine. I was told that 'Little Christopher Columbus' would not run a month, and it has been played over 400 times. 'The Lily of Leoville,' which I thought would take London by storm, closed the Opéra Comique after only forty-eight representations."

"That was a long time ago?"

"Yes, in 1882, when I first came to London. Miss Melnotte produced it. It has since been played with great success in Germany. I am still fond of 'The Lily,' for it was my start; and this is my finish," he adds, gaily dashing off on the piano the brilliant *finale* which he had just written.

"The overture is finished. Have another cigarette?"

H. L.

## MR. J. T. TANNER, THE PRODUCER.

"The Shop-Girl," at the Gaiety Theatre, has, in the parlance of the stage, been "produced" by Mr. J. T. Tanner, who is known to playgoers as the author of "In Town" and "Don Juan." The success of any piece, however good it may be in itself, in which a large number of

people are employed, depends a great deal on the producer, who is able to carry out, amplify, and give full effect to the intentions of author and composer. It is one thing to write a clever play, it is quite another to "produce" it. With the exception of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, few authors undertake the responsibility of rehearsing and staging their own works. To do so successfully, one must not only possess a keen dramatic instinct, but a thorough acquaintance with stage technicalities and an equable temper. A choice and expressive vocabulary is also considered necessary by some stage-managers, but Mr. Tanner is not of this class. When training



Photo by Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.  
MR. J. T. TANNER.

chorus or supers, he is as courteous and patient as when dealing with principals. In his estimation, every member of a dramatic company is necessary to the full scheme; no one is superfluous or insignificant. To watch Mr. Tanner rehearse is a lesson in good manners and tact;

and he bestows as much care on teaching a pretty novice the steps of an exit dance as he does in grouping the leading characters for an effective *finale*. The secret of the matter is that Mr. Tanner thoroughly understands his business. He has been through it all himself. He was an actor and a scene painter before he was a stage-manager. He played with Miss Alice Lingard when that actress toured the provinces with "Sister Mary," and he was in the original cast of "The Lady of the Lake," produced by Messrs. Howard and Wyndham at Edinburgh. Afterwards he joined Messrs. Van Biene and Lingard's company, and soon made himself so useful to the management that he was given the direction of the stage. He produced for them, among other pieces, "The Old Guard." In 1889, when Mr. Van Biene ran a summer season in London at the Gaiety Theatre, Mr. Tanner came with him as general manager. In July 1892 he wrote "The Broken Melody" for Mr. Van Biene, and the piece was produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Soon after this he joined the Gaiety staff, and he has since been associated more or less with Mr. George Edwardes's management. "In Town," which he wrote in collaboration with Mr. Adrian Ross, was the first of the bright musical pieces which have since become so popular. The success of his burlesque, "Don Juan," at the Gaiety is so recent that it is in everyone's memory. He is engaged with Mr. "Owen Hall" on a new piece to follow "The Gaiety Girl" at Daly's Theatre, where Mr. Tanner has the direction of the stage as well as at the Gaiety.

## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

"The Wrong Girl" raises the question whether old gentlemen nowadays really make bargains with one another for the marriage of their children, without considering the feelings of those most concerned in the matter. Abroad they do, that I know well—in fact, I happen to be acquainted with two large families, one living in the south of France, the other in Greece, that have a fixed custom of intermarriage, and as soon as each daughter reaches the age of sixteen she is wedded to the corresponding son in the other, whether they will or no. It is very difficult, however, to imagine such a state of affairs in our land in these days of exaggerated freedom. However, Mr. H. A. Kennedy and his nameless co-author have imagined it, and the result is not quite satisfactory. Indeed, the authors seem to have distrusted their plot, for they have used somewhat illegitimate means for carrying it out.

Before "Homburg," before "Toole in the Pigskin" actors have forgotten their position and represented themselves under their own names on the stage. It is a cheap, easy method of earning a little laughter, but soon grows wearisome. One can laugh at first when Mr. Willie Edouin is spoken of in his own theatre, and when he actually appears and, for a while, he is amused by jokes at his expense, yet, in the end, the business becomes rather tedious. No doubt the main reliance is placed upon Mr. Edouin's imitation of Mr. Blakeley. The task of mimicking an actor of such strong mannerisms as the popular player from the Criterion is not difficult, unless it is proposed that the imitation shall be good enough to deceive, then it becomes exceedingly hard.

Now, Mr. Blakeley is an actor who never varies his method, never seems to attempt to distinguish between one part and another; yet, although you cannot look upon him as an artist of fine quality, there is such drollness in his face and voice that you are unable to refuse him laughter. Mr. Edouin succeeded in imitating the gestures and copying the make-up, but the actual expression of face and tone of voice were beyond him. It was impossible to believe that anyone could be deceived by the attempted likeness for half a minute. Unfortunately, success demands the deception. The difficulty which renders "The Comedy of Errors" almost unplayable, that affects nearly every production of "Twelfth Night," and injured "Tom, Dick, and Harry," mars "The Wrong Girl."

It is not to be suggested that the piece is wholly dull. Rarely has one seen Miss Fanny Brough in a long part without some pleasure, though in "The Wrong Girl" the weakness of the part prevents her from giving the full measure of her gifts. Moreover, some of the scenes are lively, and one situation is capital. Indeed, with a clever company for the principal parts, and the possibility of cutting out bodily two or three minor characters and poor performers, a fair degree of success is not quite unattainable.

Evidently Miss Amy Roselle has not yet lost faith in Belasco and De Mille's drama, "Man and Woman," with which, not so long ago, she tempted fortune at the Opéra Comique. I note that Miss Roselle and her husband, Mr. Arthur Dacre, have just been appearing in this play down at Brighton at the Eden Theatre, a new house that was recently honoured with the production of Mr. Charles Warner's latest venture, Sutton Vane and Arthur Shirley's melodrama, "Under the Mask of Truth."

A theatrical paragraphist, in referring to the engagement of Mr. William Rignold for the title-part in "Santa Claus," Mr. Oscar Barrett's forthcoming pantomime at the Lyceum, has committed himself to the assertion that Mr. Rignold was the original Pierre in "The Two Orphans." As a matter of fact, it was Mr. Henry Neville who was the noble, hump-backed Pierre, while the part in John Oxenford's adaptation with which Mr. Rignold has long been associated was that of the stalwart, truculent, brutal brother, Jacques. Everybody knows that the Rignolds form one of the most notable histrionic families extant. George Rignold, William's brother, has, for years, been among the leading managers in the Antipodes, and Lionel, the low comedian, is a cousin of theirs.



## MR. R. G. KNOWLES AT HOME.

Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

Even an express train pulls up sometimes, and so does Mr. Knowles. Yes, it's a fact; "Dick" Knowles does slow down at times, and, what is more, it's a habit of his off the "boards," and especially under



MR. R. G. KNOWLES.

the domestic roof, a prettily-designed and well set-up little house in Brixton, where Mrs. Knowles makes a charming hostess. I need scarcely introduce her, for you know her already, I am sure, and have unquestionably admired her banjo-playing in the halls whenever the "turn" of Winifred Johnson has been on the programme. And no wonder! Hasn't she led an orchestra of sixty musicians in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York between the acts with the most touching nigger melodies? At the Trocadero you must have heard her giving inimitably "But the Cat Came Back," while every night now at the Canterbury she is enthusiastically received in "Scenes on the Mississippi."

"You're making a 'big thing' of 'A Trip to China Town, Mr. Knowles?'"

"The receipts are going up by leaps. We've been filling up all the weak places, and we're making the piece as strong as a fort."

"Anyhow, you guard the gates?"

"If so, then it's my 'bags' that have done the trick," he replied, modestly referring to his own performance. Lots of people have come just to see if I really do possess another suit other than the famous pair of 'ducks' which I bought off the hoosier farmer for £4 10s., and the frock coat which was my great-grandfather's."

"By-the-way, what is a hoosier farmer?"

"In Indiana it is synonymous with your 'Hodge.' In Connecticut he is called a 'nutmeg,' and in Ohio a 'buck-eye.'"

"I am glad to hear of the success of Hoyt's piece, because at first I thought it was 'going home.' Farcical comedy didn't seem to me to 'catch on' in London as it does in America. How is that?"

"Well, you see, in New York, for one thing, we don't suffer so frequently from depressing fogs. As Max O'Rell remarked, 'We don't drink so much champagne as you do, because we breathe it.' Then, in America all the best talent gravitates to the theatres, because, and consequently, the music-halls are not a patch upon your Empire, Alhambra, &c. American theatres are more popular, too, because the prices of admission are lower, and, in spite of that fact, the seating accommodation is far superior to yours. Farcical comedy in America is never constructed on the 'one-man-show' principle; every member of the company is a 'star' of first magnitude in his or her own line."

"Your style is quite *à part*, as the French express it?"

"I suppose it is. Yes, that catch in drawing the breath was quite accidental, but, as it always produced a laugh, I have stuck to it. I daresay you may have noticed that my songs have very little refrain, so that they don't get whistled in the street, and that is fortunate for me, because my songs don't wear out so readily."

"You are an enthusiastic baseball player, I know?"

"Oh, certainly. My friend Marco and myself credit ourselves with having originated the game in my back garden when I lived in the Loughborough Road. We look upon ourselves as the fathers of the eighty teams, of which the Thespian and Music Hall team, to which we belong, holds the championship."

"I see one of your fingers gives evidence of your prowess?"

"Yes, it was dislocated in the semi-final match. You see in baseball you run to meet the ball, very different from ordinary cricket practice. The game has caught on tremendously. At the *tournee* the other day, at Balham, there were fully 3000 persons present, and what astonished me much was that the public, usually rather phlegmatic in England, got so excited as to throw their hats into the air, while they cheered vociferously."

"I suppose one can strike the ball a fair distance?" I asked, after Mr. Knowles had explained the game in detail.

"At Balham the ball was driven 110 yards on the straight line. In America I have known a record of 148 yards being made."

"Of course, you have played golf?"

"Why, certainly. At first, I admit, I laughed at the game; but they said to me, 'Laugh as much as you like, but play it.' And I did." Now I am quite in love with this game of billiards over the open country. It brings every part of your anatomy into action, and expands the lungs marvellously, and hasn't the demerits attending violent exercise."

"Like all Americans, you know your own States pretty familiarly?"

"Oh, yes; I travelled about very much when I toured with A Pair of Jacks Farcical Comedy Company. The actor more than anyone has best opportunity of noting the rapid rise of cities in America. Take, for instance, the town of Hoquiam, in the State Washington. It's only a year old, yet it possesses an opera house, every stall of which consists of a comfortable folding-chair. It's true that you have to traverse a wood from the railway station to reach it; and its hotel—well, it's bigger than any one of those you have in the Northumberland Avenue."

"You are going to stay with us, I hope, Mr. Knowles?"

"Well, I reckon I shall, unless the income-tax collector comes down on me too heavily. Anyhow, he might inform himself correctly that R. G. Knowles's name is Richard, and not 'Reuben,'" said "Well and Strong," as he showed me the demand note. "Over the other side 'Reuben' is a 'josses,' so he's scarcely complimentary, is he?"—T. H. L.



MISS WINIFRED JOHNSON.





MRS. R. G. KNOWLES (MISS WINIFRED JOHNSON).

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.



## SMALL TALK.

The Queen has not been very well since her return south, the relaxing mugginess of Windsor during the recent floods being particularly trying to her Majesty. The Queen delights in cold, and a very hot room, or a prolonged ceremonial, involving a crowd, invariably causes her to feel ill and faint. The hot air apparatus, which is used to heat Windsor Castle, is only turned on in the suite occupied by the Queen during the very coldest weather. The Queen passed every afternoon during the last week of her stay at Balmoral in paying a series of farewell visits to the tenants on the Balmoral, Abergeldie, and Birkhall estates, and to the cottagers in and around the village of Crathie.

Since the return of the Court to Windsor, the Queen has been busily engaged with "affairs" to an unusual extent. The boxes from Downing Street have been numerous and well filled, and there have also been considerable arrears of private business to get through, among the latter some troublesome questions, which have been awaiting her Majesty's decision for some time. On several days the Queen has been hard at work with Sir Henry Ponsonby for many hours at a stretch. The royal drives have been so far few and short, but the Queen has visited the Mausoleum and Frogmore several times, and has been out in the private grounds every afternoon.

The Queen will have some very fine beasts at Smithfield, for there has never been a much better lot of Shorthorns and Devons at the Royal Farm than those prepared for the exhibition during the past autumn. The Queen takes great interest in the Home Farm, for it was established by the late Prince Consort, and she has already driven over more than once to inspect the stock. The annual sale of Christmas fat stock at the Show Farm near Windsor is to take place the week after next.

During the residence of the Court at Windsor there is a "daily service" in the Private Chapel of the Castle, at which the Queen frequently attends. It is held at nine o'clock, and the Dean reads the prayers, or, if he should be absent, the duty falls on the Vicar of Windsor, who receives £200 a year as "reader" to the Queen.

The Queen was so delighted with the bazaar held at Balmoral this autumn in aid of the Crathie Church building fund, that she now proposes to have a similar function for some charitable purpose every year. It is a curious fact that the Queen had never before been present at a bazaar, and was immensely interested in the whole affair, being specially amused at her daughters and near relatives playing at "shop girls."

Lord Castletown is to have his annual "duck shoot" at Granston Manor next week, when a big bag of wildfowl is anticipated. The *modus operandi* for this sport at Granston is unique. Wooden tubs are placed at certain spots on the numerous little islands that dot the extensive lake, where it is known the birds are pretty sure to flight, and to these Diogenes-like abodes the guns are rowed before daybreak. The tubs are stuffed with straw, and provided with a narrow bench, upon which the sportsman can rest himself, but it requires a considerable amount of enthusiasm to thus boldly face the bitter cold of a December night. By the time the first sign of daylight streaks the sky, the guns have all been placed, and the birds commence to flight along to their feeding grounds. Now the fun, provided you are lucky enough to be "on the line," begins in real earnest. Swans, wild geese, ducks, widgeon, teal, grebe, come trooping along in flocks past the different islets, and for a while there is a steady fusillade. Then the victims, with which by this time the surface of the mere is strewn, are collected by the boatmen, and the sportsmen, having been extricated from their tubs, are rowed ashore, and return to Granston with a glorious appetite for breakfast. It is splendid fun if you get a good place, but it is terribly trying to the temper if you happen to be just out of the line. Under those circumstances one thoroughly appreciates the remark of a certain royal personage, who was invited by the late Lord Castletown to enjoy the delights of a Granston duck shoot. Every effort was, of course, made to secure the best possible position for the illustrious guest; but with strange perverseness the birds all went in the opposite direction. When the shooting party got back, Lord Castletown was in the hall, anxious to know how the royal guest had enjoyed himself. "Darm ze tubs!" was the laconic reply of his Highness, as he stamped off to his apartments in high dudgeon.

Mr. John Walter has only been in his grave for a week or two, and already we see a remarkable change come over the *Times* newspaper. On Wednesday last it startled its readers with a long justification arising out of questions, most of which had been matter of controversy many years before. In the last conversation that I had with Mr. Walter it struck me as quite a note in his character—that distrust and dislike of so great a paper as he considered the *Times* to be ever by any chance referring to the existence of its "inferior" brethren. What, then, would Mr. Walter think if he were to see the *Times* of Wednesday last, in which, within three lines, we have references to the *Standard*, the *Daily News*, the *Morning Post*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Pall Mall Gazette*? Elsewhere, in the same column, the *Westminster Gazette* and two or three other journals are referred to.

But, when all is said, the *Times* may be congratulated on its new departure. All this attempt to ignore other journals is nonsense. I am perfectly convinced that the more a paper refers to its contemporaries the stronger it makes its own position—that is to say, if it has any

strength to start with. In the first place, the journal secures the friendly feelings of other journals, who, sooner or later, will act in the same way. It emphasises its own strength by praise of its contemporaries, and I am quite sure no journal ever lost a single contributor by doing so. In this connection I think I may fairly claim that no paper has ever excelled *The Sketch* in such "enlightened self-interest." From our first number we have published week by week portraits and notices of all our leading contemporaries, and we have not been content merely to note the fact that they possess this or that man as proprietor or editor; we have tried, so far as has been in our power, to give some measure of recognition to the assistant-editors, sub-editors, and other journalists, who very often bear the burden and heat of the day in newspaper work.

Here are two new journals added at one moment to the list of competitors for public favour. The first, the *Realm*, is a threepenny journal, if not precisely of Tory politics, of very strong Unionist and Imperialist politics. In general appearance it is very much on the lines of the *Saturday Review* and *Spectator*, and then it is half the price. It is edited by Lady Colin Campbell and Mr. Earl Hodgson, whose portraits have already appeared in *The Sketch* in connection with their new project. There is abundance of smart writing, and plenty of interesting articles and paragraphs, with one new feature, entitled "Personal Recollections," which has many possibilities. The one piece of exclusive information, however—the reported engagement of the Duke of Argyll—has been denied authoritatively.

The other journal, which is called the *Liberal*, is the first attempt for some years to run a threepenny literary review on Radical lines. The last notable case was the *Examiner*, which, under the editorship of Leigh Hunt, Fonblanque, Professor Minto, and Mr. Fox Bourne, had a very remarkable career. The *Liberal*, which is published in Edinburgh, is edited by Mr. David Balsillie; it contains a number of signed articles, one by Mr. Crockett, and another by Mr. Archer, and plenty of good literary matter. There ought to be plenty of room for the *Liberal* in our latter-day journalism.

So Rubinstein has joined the great majority, and that style of music which was richer by his life is poorer by his death. Not since about 1892 has he visited England, and from that time we have only heard of



THE LATE ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

him, and admired his comet-like progression through that heaven in which Mendelssohn, Wagner, Beethoven, and Liszt are fixed stars. He would have entered his sixty-fifth year this month had his life been spared, and, despite his age, Rubenstein is said to have suffered but little except from eye trouble, which rendered his appearances at the piano very few and far between. His was a busy life, even after he withdrew from the public gaze, and he has left behind him numerous works, including several operas, symphonies, and oratorios. No doubt we shall hear a good bit of his music during the coming season. The difficulty in the way of his pianoforte solos will probably be that nobody can do adequate justice to them. Just as those of us who have heard Liszt play his own compositions never wish to hear anybody else essay them, so those who were happy enough to hear Rubinstein could not listen to his followers, however excellent their execution or faultless their technique.

Mrs. Williams, the Transatlantic spiritualist, has proved herself a strategist of no mean order, for on giving a *séance* at the house of a well-known lady in Paris lately, several persons entering her room found wigs, masks, and other paraphernalia of the apparition and spirit-rapping order, which, when confronted with the omnipotent magician, stoutly repudiated any connection. The lady by no means holds the Private Secretary's views, evidently, that "being discovered and lost" are synonymous conditions. "When doubted," she, doubtless, thinks, "accuse the doubter." And herein lies a certain philosophy.



I have lately been asking "all sorts and conditions" of friends and acquaintances to furnish me with some particulars of the history of that St. Deiniol to whom is dedicated the Theological Library at Hawarden that owes its existence to Mr. Gladstone, and whose name, in consequence, has been much in evidence in the journals of the day. My inquiries met with but scant success, but at last, thanks to the erudition of Mr. Baring-Gould, I have learnt certain facts with regard to the saint that may be interesting to my readers. St. Deiniol, like the immortal Taffy of the nursery ballad, appears to have been a Welshman, but in other respects was totally unlike that hero. His name was Deiniol Wyn, and he was a grandson of the great Gronllog. He devoted himself to establishing the monastery of Bangor Iscoed, of which establishment his father was the Abbot in the days of St. Augustine. Deiniol was made the first Bishop of Bangor, which event probably took place in the latter part of the sixth century. St. David himself, it is said, made this appointment, and Geoffrey of Monmouth states that Deiniol and St. David "went over

and gives every house and garden that existed in the City and Westminster in the early days of the Virgin Queen. Another is dated 1616, and yet another takes one back to the beginning of our nearly-ended century. Maps of London have always had a fascination for me, and a study of them should be full of interest to the London lover. The oldest in my own modest recollection was printed by Cary, in 1796, when the extent of London was less than five miles from east to west, and less than three from north to south. On this map are the hackney coach-fares—some 350—which seem, on the whole, to be little more than the cab-fares of to-day. There is also a list of the "Penny-Post Receiving Houses" in Westminster, the City, and the suburbs—of these some 200 are given. In those palmy days behind St. George's Hospital, which stood where now it stands, stretched a great open space, the "Five Fields," which extended to Chelsea. The gardens of Buckingham Palace were then called "Queen's Gardens," and the site on which the Palace now stands is marked "Queen's Palace." In



THE FUNERAL OF ALEXANDER III.: THE PROCESSION LEAVING LUBIANSKI SQUARE EN ROUTE TO THE CATHEDRAL.

to the majority" at the same time. This, however, appears doubtful. I cannot learn when St. Deiniol was canonised, but his own particular day in the calendar is Dec. 10.

I am glad to see that there is a scheme afoot to improve the approaches to the old water-gate at the end of Buckingham Street, for this interesting building is not only a fine creation of Inigo Jones, who built it for "Stenie," Duke of Buckingham, on whom the King bestowed York House, when it was "assured" to him by Act of Parliament, but it is the last existing relic of that house where Francis Bacon saw the light, and where he lived when he had attained the summit of his ambition, the Lord High Chancellorship. It was in connection with the celebration of the great Bacon's sixtieth birthday in the chambers of York House that rare Ben Jonson wrote those notable lines in which he speaks of—

England's High Chancellor, the destin'd heir,  
In his soft cradle, to his father's chair;  
Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full,  
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.

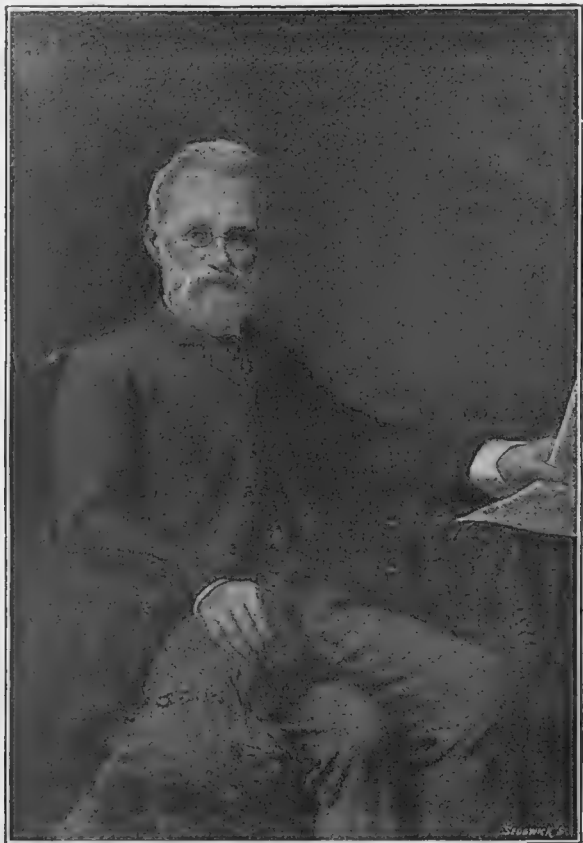
To anyone interested in the extraordinary growths of our "squalid village" (I thank thee, Mr. Grant Allen, for teaching me that name), let me strongly recommend a visit to the County Council's headquarters in Spring Gardens, where they have on view a series of maps of Old London, which have been given by Mr. Charles Harrison. One of the most interesting was published in the spacious times of great Elizabeth,

another map, a very fine one published forty years later, this same enclosure is labelled "King's Palace" and the "Five Fields" have developed into "Belgravia," while London has extended to more than six miles from east to west and more than five from north to south. More modern maps show far quicker and more startling extensions and developments, and one I possess of great interest is that published when the Metropolis was divided into ten postal districts.

I do not know Mr. John Ennar, who has written "Bookland and Its Inhabitants," but I have to thank him for no little entertainment. Mr. Ennar has essayed to do for novels what Mr. Jerome once did for the stage by a humorous account of the conventions of dramatic art. The typical characters in "Bookland" are described with a good deal of happy satire. There is, for instance, a sparkling heroine who talks like this: "Convention is better than cure you think, I suppose, and so do all those old bounders and bounderesses in our set. Fancy calling Lady Squaretoes a bounder! She couldn't jump for nuts. No, Eric, you mustn't kiss me more than once or twice; my husband wouldn't like it. Sympathetic souls need no physical touch." Then there is the wicked French maid, who says "Tiens, beast!" when she is annoyed, and who makes a dying confession as she "lies stretched upon a wretched pallet-bed in a miserable garret, where the light trickles in sparingly through the broken panes." I shall look for Mr. Ennar again with a well-founded expectation of amusement.



The "old familiar faces" are reappearing at the Popular Concerts. On Monday, Nov. 19, a great audience in St. James's Hall welcomed back Lady Hallé, whose *début* in London took place no less than forty-five years ago. She was in splendid form, and led Beethoven's Quartet in C major with all her accustomed power. After playing



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SIGNOR PIATTI.—SIR ARTHUR CLAY, BART.

three charming pieces by Professor Villiers Stanford; she graciously acceded to an encore, and then joined Herr David Popper in a masterly rendering of Brahms's Trio in C minor. In the hall were many musicians of note, including Fräulein Wietrowetz and Madame Antoinette Sterling. Miss Kate Cove made a successful appearance as vocalist, for the first time, I believe, at these concerts.

Signor Piatti's *réentrée* on Nov. 26 is an appropriate occasion for giving the accompanying portrait of the eminent cellist. This is the jubilee year of his first appearance in London. Not many there are who remember Piatti's modest *début* at a concert given by the Philharmonic Society in 1844, but several frequenters of the Popular Concerts can recall the evening when for the first time he delighted their ears. Signor Piatti was born seventy-two years ago, at Bergamo, and studied at the Milan Conservatoire. He has composed some charming pieces, which are even more delightful when interpreted by himself.

Michael Wagner, cousin of the "Bayreuth Master," is in his old age eking out a more or less precarious existence somewhere in America as a newspaper seller. Early in his career he served as an artilleryman on the Northern side in the Civil War, and after that he turned his old experience to good account as chief of artillery in the force opposed to Louis Riel at the outset of the Red River rising. Surely this adventurous history of Michael Wagner affords a piquant contrast to that of the famous Richard. I wonder if young Siegfried Wagner is acquainted with his kinsman's position?

The boom in Mahatmas lately started by the *Westminster Gazette* has not stirred the public pulse. The subject never really survived the time when it appeared as a silly season craze, and drew down letters by the score from the strange persons who seem only to live for newspaper controversies. I always fancy that I recognise the people who supply our morning papers with gratuitous copy when news is scarce. They seem to belong to the class of the rhetorician described, I think, by Disraeli as being "inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity." I am always wondering what these people do when the silly season is "off," and they can't write letters. Do they worry their friends as they worry the daily paper perusing public? I can imagine them to be intolerable bores, "Stiff in opinion, Always in the wrong," full of the prejudice which they miscall common sense, and the vulgarity which they miscall patriotism. When, however, even they refuse to reharness their own commonplaces for the arena of the public press, a subject must be wofully exhausted.

Really it is too bad that the president of an obscure and juvenile society, called the Guildford Microscope and Natural History Society, should trouble Mr. Gladstone with a request to become an honorary member. Lord Salisbury properly snubbed the president with the remark that he cannot connect himself with the society, as he has no chance of taking any part in its proceedings. But the ex-Premier was good enough to accede, and I tremble to think how many societies, equally microscopical in membership and intention, will add to Mr. Gladstone's post-bag in consequence of his over-courteous reply.

The accompanying picture of an incident in the Corean War is interesting as the result of amateur photography. Our history for the future ought to be a great deal more accurate in consequence of the photographer being "abroad" in two senses.



LANDING OF JAPANESE TROOPS ON THE BEACH AT CHEMULPO, COREA.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY MR. J. A. VAUGHAN OF H.M.S. UNDAUNTED.



## A CHAT WITH A PHOTO-MICROGRAPHER.

Of the many delusions of our public concerning Continental matters two have always amused me: one is the idea that the coffee is better in France than in England, and the other that the bread is better. The former, probably, will be a delusion of the untravelled or tasteless public to the end of time; the latter, however, is now in my mind. For at first there seems something in it. I remember that this autumn the



Photo by Barrauds, Oxford Street, W.  
MR. RICHARD SMITH.

change of taste in the bread when I had crossed the Channel led me at first to eat it greedily, but after a time I grew tired of it, and in the end took to biscuits for the protection of my health. What share the sight of our baker—M. Lefevre Dubailly, of the charming town of Cabourg—on his doorstep in his working dress, which consisted of a pair of trousers and boots, and nothing else, had in the distaste I can hardly say.

Lately, when at Buxton the beautiful, as I was trying one evening to eat the hotel bread, the subject came into my mind, and I made some poor jest about "the staff of life" to my neighbour.

"It is all very well for Swift to call bread 'the staff of life,'" he replied, "but let me tell you the staff is very often a broken reed. Try this—I always bring in my own bread. I have a weak digestion, and can't risk myself on the unknown."

"This" was a piece of sweet-smelling bread, slightly brown in colour, and very pleasant in taste.

"Let me tell you," added my neighbour, "that that bread just keeps me a well man. I used to be as dyspeptic as a managerie antelope. Yes, we can get it in America. Knew I was American because I said a well man? No, I live, that is, I travel, in England. Do I travel in bread? No, in boot protectors—bits of metal you stick on your boots when they're worn so as to keep your socks off the ground. Splendid invention! What do you travel in? Words! Oh, a newspaper man. Then how can you afford to stay at this dollar-a-minute hotel? Oh, *The Sketch*. Well, that explains the toad in the rock—no offence. Now, look here. That bread's "Hovis," near here's Macclesfield, where they make the flour, and if you can go over and can get hold of old Smith, the inventor, he'll give you matter for a real fine article on bread. I used to eat hot bread in America, that's why I'm so yellow, and have such splendid teeth—store teeth.

My suspicions were aroused.

"You're quite sure you don't travel in Hovis?" I asked—"quite sure? How do you know old Smith, as you call him?"

"Quite simple; the microscope's my hobby; and now, of course, photography, for we're all photo-micrographers nowadays. Well, old Smith's a wonder at it, and has invented a new mode of slicing specimens that got me into correspondence with him. He'll give you a fine bottle of wine, too, if you give him my card."

It suited me well enough to come back to London by Macclesfield, so I deserted the train and went up to the mill of Messrs. Fitton and Son, hoping to see "old Smith"—or, more correctly speaking, Mr. Richard Smith. He was not in, but was due in half an hour, and the manager asked if I would like to go over the mill in the 'tween time. I said yes, and a moment later regretted it, since I had on my annual new black coat. However, I was wrong. The modern miller has no need to wear a white hat, and my coat came out as black as it went in. There is no waiting for a "fickle breeze" nowadays in the mill, and everything was worked by a very pretty engine. First I was shown how the corn passes over powerful magnets that draw out scraps of broken metal which come from the American custom of binding the sheaves with wire. Then I saw it being passed through five sets of iron rollers to crack it and work out the germ and bran, and watched it while it was being carried up and

down from floor to floor, untouched by hand. I saw it while passing through fine silk sieves, and, with surprise, found that it had to go through many sets of rollers in addition to the five I have already mentioned before it is considered "firsts." However surprising may be the change in milling caused by the introduction of the Hungarian system of using iron rollers instead of the old-fashioned method of simply grinding the corn between millstones, there was nothing remarkable in the greater part of the mill, which simply shows to what a surprising degree science and money can bring the ancient process. It represented all that knowledge and capital can do in making flour fine and white by a system in which the wheat is never touched by hand.

However, before I had been all over the huge mill I met a tall, vigorous man, and my guide said, "This is our Mr. Smith. He'll tell you better than I can all about the germ."

"Come over to my house," said Mr. Smith, after I had given him the card, "and I'll show you my photo-micrographs, and explain to you the discovery and process that enable me to produce a flour more nutritious, digestible, and palatable than any ever before made on a large scale. When I've explained the matter you can see the process at work if you like."

We had one of the bottle of good wine—one or more—before we went up to Mr. Smith's working-room.

"The germ of the matter," said he, "lies in the head of a grain of corn. Look at this photograph." He showed me a photograph of a section of a grain of wheat largely magnified. "Now, you see that large irregular black mass at the top"—we reproduce the photo—"that is the germ. What is the 'germ'? Well, really, it is the embryo of the future plant. You know we all flatter ourselves that the wheat grows in order to be made into bread and eaten by careless folk, who don't know the germ end from the beard end of a 'berry.'"

I interrupted shamelessly. "Never mind about the end or object of the wheat berry, what is the germ and what is your invention?"

"The object of the wheat," he said calmly, "is to continue the reproduction of the species, that's all. However, my invention? Now let me tell you that the nutritious proportion of ordinary fine flour is 13.91 in a hundred parts, and the bone-forming is 0.25." I accept these figures against Mr. Smith because I know that other analysts put the flesh-forming matter of ordinary flour at a much lower standard—as low even as 11.7. "Well, that germ, the black part, contains 33.25 of flesh-formers and 2.57 of phosphates, or more than twice the percentage of nutriment"—he might have said three times—"and ten times that of bone-forming matter, while it has eight times as much fatty matter."

"Prodegiuous!" I said. "And what of it?"

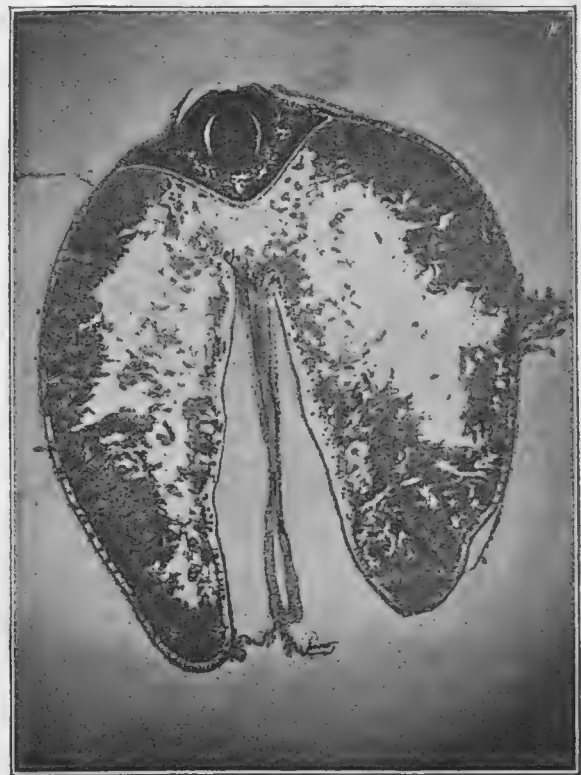
"What of it? What do you think millers used to do with the germ?"

"Eat it—no, sell it."

"Yes and no. They used to sell it for pigs' food—it was like casting pearls before—"

"Oh, yes; and after many days you will find it in the shape of pork. But why were they so mad?"

"For an excellent reason. That germ is rich in an oil which, if the germ be ground up and kept with the rest of the wheat, will quickly give



SECTION OF GRAIN OF WHEAT, SHOWING THE GERM.

rancid taste and smell to the flour, and discolour it as well, though I attach little importance to the colour question. So, as the germ and bran are removed during the milling, they are made into pigs' food. Oh, yes; bran is used in whole-wheat bread and brown bread, but not germ. No doubt, the whole wheat or brown contain more food-forming, bone-forming, and fatty matters than ordinary flour, but still far less than the



germ; and they are very indigestible, and, in some cases, cause a lively, or rather deadly, irritation in the alimentary canal."

"Well, but what is your specialty?"

"I have been connected with the treatment of wheat all my life," he replied, "and can remember long before the Hungarian system of milling with iron rollers that we now use was dreamt of. Ever since I got clearly into my head the idea that we were systematically throwing away the richest part of the wheat, I have been wondering how to utilise it. When as a lad I read 'Gulliver's Travels' I was struck by the passage that, 'Whoever could make two ears of corn to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.' You see how the words have stuck in my mind. Many's the time I've thought of them, when sitting up half the night with my microscope, studying the wheat berries."

"Yes; but what did you discover?" I asked impatiently, for I had my mind on the trains.

He ignored my remark as placidly as the Ancient Mariner that of the luckless wedding guest. "People before my time have studied the



SECTION OF GRAIN OF WHEAT AFTER THE GERM HAS COMMENCED TO SPROUT.

germ, and used it too, but I am the first to have invented an easy, practical mode of treating it. Oh, I claim little merit! The method is simple enough. It might have occurred to one who had worked less than I, but it did not. The proof of that is that I have had a patent for it for over eight years, and though we do a gigantic business, no one has ever ventured to attack the patent. Every infringer throws up the sponge when detected. What I do is this: I take the germ when separated by the rollers from the rest of the flour, and treat it by cooking it with super-heated steam, and I pass the steam, after being so used, through ordinary flour, which is much improved by it. Then the cooked germ is mixed in proportion of one to three with ordinary 'firsts' flour, and that makes Hovis flour."

"It seems very simple."

"So does many a process of great value to the public and to the inventor. The Hovis flour thus produced is vastly superior to ordinary flour. Oh, don't take my word for it, I am an enthusiast. See here now what the *Lancet* says—

Hovis flour contains no less than a third of its weight of nitrogenous matter: 2.57 per cent. phosphates, 16.62 per cent. fatty matters, 1.72 per cent. fibre, and a third of its weight of starch. . . . According to this, its food value, both as regards nitrogen and phosphates, is, broadly speaking, double that of bread made with ordinary wheaten flour. . . . Not less satisfactory is its property of keeping moist, and therefore palatable, for several days. . . . The system under notice meets with our entire approval.

Is that good enough? What do you say to this from the *British Medical Journal*, or—"

"Oh, never mind what others say; what does the baker say?"

"That he wants more than we can produce. Why when first Mr. Fitton and I began working under my system we could buy for £4 the germ that now costs us over £9, though wheat is cheaper than ever, for we buy raw germ from other millers as well as find it ourselves in ordinary milling. Already our business has so grown that we require greater milling power, and so we are building a big mill in London. That's what the baker says."

"It seems to me that you really are Swift's hero," said I, "for to

make an ear of corn produce twice as much as before is equal to producing two ears of corn."

Mr. Smith beamed with the smile of pride and joy that illuminates an inventor's face when his invention is praised, or a mother's when her child is admired.

"We'll have another bottle of wine," he remarked. We did—excellent wine. "Try a bit of Hovis with it—they go nicely together."

They do. After eating this halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of champagne, and finding the bread delicious, I asked, "What about the price?"

"Oh, that's all right; we get for our flour to-day thirty-six shillings per sack, while ordinary 'firsts' flour is twenty. But the public? Oh, they pay more for the bread. Yes, but not so much for the quantity of nutriment—that's the test. Our bread goes more than twice as far, and keeps more than twice as long as others; but you don't pay nearly double the price, and it's more digestible and—"

"And I think it's nicer. The name—"

"Hovis is a contraction for *hominis vis*. We could not, you know, under the Trade Marks Act register the full words, but the contraction passes. 'No'—he spoke scornfully—"we don't make bread; we aren't bakers; but we look after the bakers who buy our flour, and see that they bake it well. It's a big job, seeing how many there are; and sometimes they play tricks and bring our flour into discredit with a few customers, but we quickly find out, stop the supply of flour to the bakers, and send the customers elsewhere. There are few places where you cannot get it easily."

"How about the colour; isn't it rather a dark horse?"

"So was Indian Queen, but it won the Cambridgeshire easily. Well, no doubt there's been a craze for white bread. 'White, white, white!' was the cry of the public, and to meet it the quantity of alum that has been used when inferior flours have been employed is enough to stop the bleeding of all the chins and cheeks that have been cut since Ezekiel recommended people to shave. Even the poorest have wanted their white bread, but the world grows wiser, learns that white bread means poor bread or alum bread, and we find that the brown colour of ours—which, at present, we can't remove without injury—does not hinder its popularity. Why, even poor folk buy it, though it's a little dearer than the other, simply because they find that it goes so much farther than the white bread that they are gainers in the end."

"What about your photographs?"

"My photo-micrographs? Well, look here—oh! don't bother about your watch, you've missed your last train, but we'll give you a bed, bath, bottle of wine, and bread."

He showed me countless photographs taken direct from the microscope; he is a member of the Royal Microscopical Society. They represent the wheat berry under every possible condition, and are taken with wonderful skill. From them I chose two, here reproduced. The first shows at the top the germ or embryo of the wheat; down the middle is the "placenta," or food duct, which is the channel of communication between the straw and the two lobes of the berry, that are tightly joined underneath the placenta, which lies in what is called the dirt crease and the germ. The placenta also is food duct between the sprouting wheat and body of the berry. For, as appears in the second photograph, the part of the berry other than the germ—it is called the "endosperm"—is merely a kind of baby food for the sprouting wheat, to be used till it is strong enough to feed direct from mother earth. The endosperm ferments owing to the moisture of the earth, and becomes milky, and gradually is drawn up through the placenta and consumed. In the photo the blank space shows where the endosperm has been actually eaten up by the sprouting plant, and has disappeared.

The black lines at the lower end represent the beard, which consists of hollow tubes or hairs, which have a double duty—they act as ducts, whereby excessive moisture is carried off and over-fermentation is prevented, and they also carry to the kernel its mineral and gaseous food. It will be guessed easily that in order to get the photo-micrographs very delicate instruments have to be used. The instrument for cutting the infinitely fine slices used is of a fascinating delicacy, yet, though it works to incredibly small fractions of an inch, it does not altogether suffice, and Mr. Smith has invented an ingenious modification, by means of which strangely fine oblique sections can be cut when necessary, under water or spirits. Incidentally I found out that the remarkable book by Robert Dunham on "The Structure of Wheat" was due to the light thrown on the subject by Mr. Smith's microscopic researches.

It is certain that without the aid of the microscope to this day we should know comparatively little about the mode of growth and reproduction of wheat. Yet even the microscope, unaided by the photographic apparatus to register with accuracy the magnified images, could leave no complete permanent record of discoveries in this field. By dint of the determination of men like Mr. Smith to exhaust one subject which leads them to appropriate greedily every new scientific invention that forms a means to knowledge, we are approaching rapidly the ever-receding barrier between us and the absolute comprehension of the phenomena of life, and though we have no hope that we shall ever clearly understand what Goethe has called "the great open secret" they are rewarded incidentally by discoveries of great practical value to them and to us.

There were many matters of interest that caused me to stay up till shocking hours, but my space is exhausted, so I can but say in conclusion that I was treated with charming hospitality by the scientist who has devoted his life to the important task of improving the staple of our diet, and produced with immense success the Hovis bread.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## MY PSYCHE.

BY A. G. P. SYKES.

It is a queer thing that if a man arrives at the forties and is still a Benedick, people are always asking why he has never married, firmly persuaded that some mystery has prevented the unfortunate wretch from falling into the *imbroglio* of matrimony.

They call you an unfortunate wretch, with crocodile tears of sympathy. From my point of view, I maintain that their solicitude solely arises from the fact that they know you are aware of their own domestic storms, trials, and felicities, and they do not see why you should be free from your own share.

It is all very well when a little blue- or brown-eyed siren puts her arms round your neck, and tells you prettily that you are the first—the very first—and all the rest of it. One believes it at the time, more or less, since, as Mrs. Poyser sententiously observes, we are fools along with her own sex.

That is all very well at the time. And what would this dull old world be like without the charm and fascination of its femininity? The prospect is too ghastly to dwell upon.

But among all my acquaintances—and their name is legion—I know none whose matrimonial hearth seems enviable to me, when I think seriously. There is always a “something” somewhere that removes the gilding, and reveals a very damaged substance beneath the surface.

Still, I am not going to deny that there is a reason why I remain a nomad, and, somehow, I feel inclined to write it down to-day. I have never told a living soul, for I neither make confidences nor care to receive them. It will not be betraying her, for she is not likely to see this ever; even if she did, I would stake my life that she has been as reticent as myself.

Women are generally angry with themselves for having been in love with you when the fire has burnt out; while we are indifferent, or satirical, or frightened, if our one-time *inamorata* be as beautiful and fascinating as ever. In any case, it is wise to let things slide. But sometimes, subject to circumstance or to the particular mood at the time, there is a curious longing to recall the feeling of former days, a regret that we have out-lived it, that the fates were unpropitious. We would at that moment, call into existence the passion that once ruled our lives.

I was a barrister, with chambers in Pump Court. Literally speaking, I had one small room on the second floor, with a little cupboard for my clerk. Luckily for me, the two men who rented the big rooms on either side had so little to do that I was frequently enabled to delude my clients with the belief that the whole suite was mine. I had migrated to the law from the Army, in which I had started with a decent income to back up a good name. When the former had nearly vanished, I settled down as a barrister, meaning to work hard; in spare time I wrote for the reviews, then I went on to plays and society novels. But although they, together with my practice, were fairly successful, I was always hard up for money; it is not easy to do with hundreds where you have spent thousands.

One day I advertised in the *Times* for a shorthand secretary. Out of the answers I selected one whose writing pleased me; it was clear and unique—a rare combination.

I made an appointment for the next day, and was surprised when, at the time arranged, my clerk announced that a lady wanted to see me.

“A lady? Ask her to come in,” I said.

And a tall girl entered, with lovely grey eyes shining with excitement, and a slight air of embarrassment that appealed to my heart at once.

“Miss Desmond?” I asked, as Johnson put a chair for her and withdrew. “I had no idea that this writing was a lady’s.”

She coloured hotly, and looked a little distressed.

“Most people think it is a masculine hand. So many now employ lady secretaries that I thought perhaps you meant—a lady.”

After some further conversation, I elicited that her father was dead. Strange to say, he had been the doctor in my regiment, the —th Lancers. Her mother had re-married, there was a family of young step-brothers and sisters, and she wished to make some money for herself. She knew a little shorthand, and had been always fond of writing. A few of her stories had been published in one of the minor weekly papers.

“How about your people?” I asked. “You will be quite capable enough for me, but will they object to your coming to the Temple?”

“I think not; in fact, they will be glad to know that I am able to pay my own expenses, if—if it will not be—”

I told her that many men, especially literary men, employed lady secretaries, and it was arranged that she was to come from two to five o’clock every day. I promised to help her with her own work, and she thanked me so sweetly that it was hard to keep from showing her out myself. But I rang for Johnson.

She suited me admirably. If a client or a friend came, she would catch up her hat and take herself quietly out of the way into a room that was always empty after the middle of the day; if I were unexpectedly detained, she would leave without further explanation. In little more than a week I felt as if I had known her for years. Never before had I met a girl who was so sympathetic, so intuitive, so receptive; she adapted herself to my every mood; caught the very vein of thought that held me for the time, and would even suggest—but only when I encouraged her—a word or quotation that was always *à propos*.

There was so much ideality in her, so much soul in her face, that I called her Psyche to myself. She was *spirituelle*, but not ethereal; delightfully moulded, every movement in perfect harmony and full of unstudied grace. It was entrancing to get her enthusiastic upon a subject, such as the ridiculous so-called woman question, which she abhorred, to watch the light sparkling in the clear brilliant eyes, the curves of the delicate lips through the smoke of my cigar, and then the quick, sudden flush that came when she was aware of my quiet scrutiny.

One hot July day I was looking over a brief regarding an important divorce case, when I heard her knock. My clerk was out, so I opened the door myself.

“You did not receive my telegram?”

“No; I have been out to luncheon.”

“I wired to you. There is a big consultation coming on, and



I shall be engaged from three to five. Come in; there’s half an hour yet.”

“Oh! no. I am very sorry; I will go at once.”

“You must rest a little; the heat is terrific. I am vexed to have caused you so much fatigue for nothing.”

Almost unconsciously, I spoke with an air of mastery which, as I saw, overpowered her. Her eyes sank, and she trembled as I led her in. The next moment I was holding her to my heart, kissing her with a passion that no woman before had ever roused in me, nor ever has since. It was not the mere delirium of an hour or a day, but the pent-up love of years that was concentrated in me for this sensitive girl-woman who lay for an instant in my arms, flushing and paling with each breath.

“I love you; I love you,” I whispered. “Darling, do you care? I know you do. Kiss me,” and I looked into her eyes until, with her face aflame, she put her arms round my neck and hid herself from me.

The next minute she tore herself away, growing white as ashes.

“How could you? Oh! how could you?” The music of her voice was the saddest I had ever heard. “It was cruel—to make me care—”

I put her in a chair and knelt at her feet, imploring forgiveness, loathing myself for having betrayed what I had never meant her to know. She uttered no more reproaches, but the pathos in her face was more effective than half-a-dozen chaperons could have been.

“It was not your fault—perhaps,” she said presently. “It was fate. Directly we met—there was something—it is only”—there were tears in her eyes—“that I had always hoped it would be the first with me. I could never love twice. I am sorry, so sorry for us both.” Her voice died away in a whisper.

I cursed my own folly and cruelty. But I was not an icicle, and this girl’s loveliness had appealed to me from the first moment, had given me a longing to keep her always within sight and touch.

I was in very low water at that time. It was as much as I could do



to pay current expenses; there was a good deal of my paper about the City; my literary work was uncertain, for my publishers were behind-hand, and had incurred some heavy losses. The financial depression was universal, and the only thing feasible was to hold on and await events.

Marriage was out of the question, and she knew this as well as I.

"I have behaved like a brute, and I am totally unworthy of your forgiveness. We will say good-bye. My only excuse—if it be one—is that I love you, that you are the only woman I have ever desired to make my wife." I spoke very quietly, in a matter-of-fact tone, but she understood, and a faint colour came back into her cheeks.

"You will never have a rival; you have brought some sunshine into my life, dear. Say good-bye to me, Psyche."

She stood up, and looked at me bravely.

"You are a man of honour, and I trust you implicitly. In a fortnight you go on circuit, and your novel must be finished by then. A stranger would take that time to get used to you. Until it is finished, I will come. And—we will both forget what has happened to-day."

"That is true; I can never thank you enough. Come, then, and you may trust me."

Incredible or not, she came, and by neither word nor look did either betray our thoughts. Beyond a word at greeting and parting, I kept



strictly to business—and her last day arrived. I waited while she was fastening her gloves, and then indulged myself in one long look. "Good-bye," I said huskily. "Good-bye. Will you ever forgive me?" She held out both her hands.

"Ah, yes; I forgive. No one else will ever be the same. No one else shall"—very softly—"call me Psyche."

"I hope that you will marry someone worthy of such a heart as yours, and that you may be very happy. If it is anything to you, know that the past few weeks have been the best part of my life. I have loved and will love you only, and my gratitude for your forbearance is deeper than words can express. I will not ask you to wait. It will be at least a year before I can extricate myself from my difficulties. I would not bind you by any promise to such a worthless object as myself."

She caught her breath as she crept closer to me.

"You have kept your word when another would have broken it—I shall always remember that—and I love you the more. I will wait one year from to-day; if by then you have made no sign I shall know that we are parted for ever. If you hear that I am married one day, you will know that I could not help myself. If I had enough of my own to live upon, I would go away and think of you till I died."

I kissed her very quietly and let her go. She came back for a moment and flung her arms round my neck, then, without a word, went away swiftly.

I worked night and day, but luck seemed against me. My publishers went bankrupt; a wealthy client, who owed me some hundreds of pounds, got through his fortune at Monaco and then committed suicide; my health broke down, and I went abroad, more than half resolved never to return to England.

Renewed strength and energy, however, changed my mind, and I went back to the Temple, recovering my lost practice so successfully that I found myself wondering whether marriage were not becoming a possibility. Marriage for me meant one woman only, and I hunted for her address.

It was a dull morning in December, and, as I was turning over piles of old letters in the dim light, a friend came in to me with a rush, waving a sheet of the *Times* in his hand.

"Congratulations! Luck was bound to turn at last, and you have been sticking so closely to work lately. I am deuced glad, old fellow—"

"What on earth do you mean?" I asked, annoyed at being disturbed.

"Don't mean to say you haven't read the paper yet?"

"Been too busy. What is it?"

"A cousin of yours in Australia has left you half a million."

I snatched at the *Times*. Quite true! As next-of-kin, I inherited the fortune of a third cousin, of whose very name even I had been ignorant. In the same paper was the announcement of my Psyche's marriage to a wealthy baronet of sixty, a man whom I knew by sight, who might have been taken for a farm-bailiff—stout, loud of voice, with sporting tastes, and as strong as a cart-horse.

Could any combination of circumstances more diabolical in ingenuity have been so contrived except through fate? Fate or fortune, however, decreed after that thunderbolt that I should become what the critics called "one of the greatest interpreters of human passions—one of our novelists whose work will live for many generations to come." "The Career of Martin Hereford" did that for me. It ran into forty editions the first year, and was translated into nearly all the European languages.

Such as it is, I have a certain fame, I suppose. But it came too late, and my cousin might have died three years earlier.

I saw her once after her marriage at a crowded reception; everyone was talking of the beautiful Lady Fairfax, and I stood behind several others as she passed by, all in white, with a row of large pure pearls as big as hazel nuts round her slender throat.

"She always wears that necklace; it must be worth at least £50,000," said someone behind me. "But what an icicle! She positively makes me shiver."

She had not forgotten, I said to myself. I had bought it on the very day that the news of my good and bad luck had come to me, and sent it anonymously as a wedding-present. No one could find fault with a nameless donor.

As she passed I looked straight into her eyes. I had not meant to do it, but it was the last time—the very last, and her lovely face grew even whiter, the sweet mouth quivered for a moment as she recognised me. I would have parted with all I possessed to have been able to tell her the truth and give her one parting kiss; but nothing could alter the fact that she belonged to another man, and rather than cause her any additional sorrow I would have effaced myself altogether.

So the next day I left England, and in the constant journeying through many lands I have found a certain pleasure, and many experiences useful in my literary career; but I have never forgotten my Psyche—never for a moment been tempted to yield her place in my heart to another, and I think, perhaps, that sometimes she, too, remembers and understands.

## A NOVEMBER DAY.

They tell us of a dreary, dim November,  
When all sweet summer joys have passed away,  
But you and I, my love, can still remember  
The glory of one glad November day.

The wind of summer once again was blowing,  
The brown leaves fluttering to my lady's feet,  
The swollen river swiftly by us flowing—  
Have you forgotten that one day, my sweet?

The whispering beech-trees, red and golden, vying  
With the rich colours gathering in the west,  
The red sun slowly, gloriously dying,  
The cawing rooks fast flying to the nest.

Ah! but the trees seemed clad with unknown splendour,  
The dying sun a rarer radiance shed,  
The cawing of the rooks grew soft and tender  
When, sweet, that sweetest of all words you said.

And so this month we cherish and remember,  
And still by me its praises shall be sung;  
Our hearts are young yet in this dim November,  
For Love, my love, keeps lovers always young.

MARSHALL STEELE.



SOME ROYAL PETS AT THE BURLINGTON GALLERY.



PRINCESS OF WALES'S FAVOURITE JERSEYS.



"— AND THE MOUSE."



"BLACKIE," PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES'S PET.



A GROUP OF ROUGH BASSET HOUNDS.



"VIVA," THE FAVOURITE MARE OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

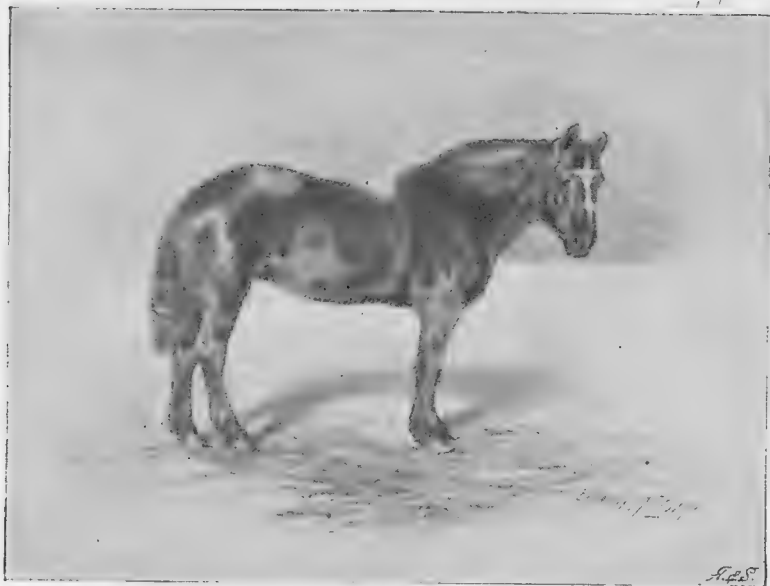


"HUFFY," PET DRIVING PONY OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES,



"VIVANDIÈRE," FAVOURITE OF THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE,





"JESSIE," THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE RIDING MARE, AGED TWENTY-SEVEN.

The domestic side of Royalty is always interesting. Our own royal family are well known to be great lovers of animals, and the collection of silverpoint engravings of Royal Pets exhibited by Mr. Ernest M. Jessop



"FOXIE."

bristling with the most curious details about the little menagerie which royalty supports. For instance, we are told of Cockie, the pet cockatoo of the Princess of Wales, that he has been a special favourite of the Princess for twenty years, and until the last year or so lived in her dressing-room. He is a most intelligent bird, with a salmon-coloured crest and white body, "but usually picks off the majority of his feathers." He has



"TUTI," JET BLACK CHINESE BITCH BELONGING TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

in the Burlington Gallery has shown this aspect of royalty in great detail. Mr. Jessop has been engaged for two or three years on the sixty-nine exhibits, which number birds, cats, dogs, horses, donkeys, and cattle. The catalogue of the exhibition is unusually interesting,



"BULLY," PUG BELONGING TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

a great affection for his royal mistress. One of the most curious of the pets is Sanger, a small cream pony, presented to the Queen by the well-known circus proprietor. He has grey eyes, pink eyelids, and white lashes, just like an albino, and is, possibly, of Japanese breed. Viva, the favourite mare of the Princess of Wales, has been many times on the Continent with her mistress, and is always taken to the great race-meetings with her.



"SNOWDROP," WHITE COLLIE, AND "TINY," BLACK SPITZ, BELONGING TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.



"ZERO" AND "MARVEL," THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S FAVOURITE SMOOTH BASSETS.



## AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. W. L. ABINGDON.

"Contemn the bad and emulate the best," wrote Dryden, and the average Adelphi audience apparently takes the advice to heart in witnessing "The Fatal Card"; but stage villains are uniformly the most amiable of men, and Mr. William Lepper Abingdon is a typical stage villain.

I found him at the Green Room Club, and there, and subsequently between the cues in his dressing-room, we cursorily chatted.

In the first place, he admitted his age, a bright thirty-five, and rapidly sketched his early career, which included life at Northampton and service in a bank—briefly, from staid clerk to stage villain.

Belfast witnessed his first efforts.

In the words of Mr. Abingdon: "I had not been agog more than a few weeks (as general utility) when one evening I felt the opportunity of my life had come. Forthwith I took my stand before the footlights, but I was so nervous that I could not articulate, and could scarce even persuade my limbs to stir when the first lead came up to me and whispered savagely, 'Get off!'"

"Acting on the summary advice of the manager, I changed my company and went into Wales for experience—and got it. One week



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MR. W. L. ABINGDON.

we played 'The Rivals,' 'The Corsican Brothers,' 'Meg's Diversion,' 'East Lynne,' 'The School for Scandal,' 'One Hundred Thousand Pounds,' and something else. What my share of the shekels was I will not now disclose."

"And what is your opinion of this rough-and-ready work?" I ask.

"I consider it invaluable. It gives a man confidence, and enables him afterwards to make good use of it. One really has to be an all-round man to become a specialist."

"You were with Mr. Wilson Barrett for a time?"

"Yes; I joined his company in 1882, and continued with him until 1886, playing such parts as Harold Kenyon in 'The Old Love and the New,' and Jabez Duck in 'Romany Rye.'"

Mr. Abingdon's London career proper dates from 1887, and includes many parts, among which may be mentioned George Benson in "The Shadows of a Great City," Captain Foster in "Mirage," Edgar Laurence in J. F. Nisbet's "Dorothy Grey," Peter Marks in "London Day by Day," and Frank Morland in "The Harbour Lights."

"You have played some of Ibsen's characters, I believe?"

"Yes, I have essayed Dr. Rank in 'The Doll's House,' and recently I represented Ekdal in 'The Wild Duck.'"

This gives Mr. Abingdon an opportunity of enlarging upon the merits of the Norwegian dramatist.

"His plays may be anachronous to the present and untuned to

British criticism, but Ibsen is," Mr. Abingdon urges, "as much a writer for players as Mr. Meredith is a writer for writers."

"What do you think of a National School for the Drama?" I ask, adding that the establishment of such a school was a pet idea of the late Matthew Arnold.

"Well, I can hardly say. In the first place, acting is so essentially a question of temperament and of physical limitation that as an actor I feel how great is the difficulty of teaching a person to act. It would

be only in the very elementary and the very advanced stages that such a school would be useful. An actor must have hard experience and plenty of it, and a school would not give this. Besides, we are over-stocked now, and the effect of a school, I think, would be to flood the country with embryo actors."

Mr. Abingdon also touches upon the altered view of the stage taken by the present generation, and the consequent recruiting of the talent from the ranks of the wealthier classes.

"Of course," he pointedly argues, "if a company has a good leaven of apprentice gentlemen, there is more money for the star actor, but the rank-and-file must suffer."

"Now, Mr. Abingdon, let us talk more of yourself. I suppose

you are not unlike other successful histrions, and probably you feel that, although you have been condemned to stage villainy, your real line is in tender and pathetic rôles."

"I must admit the impeachment. Managers insist on my impersonating villains, but I really feel that light or low comedy is more properly my bent. You see, my early experiences were on these lines, and the terrible monsters I have to portray in modern melodrama tempt me strongly at times to burlesque, but of course I have to restrain myself."

"In studying new parts, do you try to find your ideals in real life?"

"Oh, yes, I haunt the criminal courts in search of a dishonest man; unlike Diogenes, you will admit. But I often find my types casually, in the street, in the train—everywhere. Sometimes I am weeks before I see the desired face or the peculiar trick habit of which I am in search?"

"In livelier melodrama you have exciting fights; are they rehearsed?"

"Well, yes and no. For instance, in a fight over cards, I always lead off with firing a real champagne-bottle through a real glass window. The bottles we use afterwards are indiarubber. The best and most effective parts of a fight are generally unrehearsed."

"Did you ever yearn after Shaksperian parts?"

"Yes; Iago has many temptations for me; but, still, I should like, above all things, to try my hand at Iachimo in 'Cymbeline'; yet, as I said before, I really feel that villainy has been thrust upon me."

"I suppose you find your reputation at times somewhat ambiguous?"

"Quite so. I was at an 'at home' the other day, and when my name was announced a lady said to the hostess, 'Dear, dear! Do you think Mr. Abingdon will do anything horrid?'"

A. C. B. C.



MR. ABINGDON IN "THE BROKEN MELODY."



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

MR. ABINGDON AS GEORGE O'KENNEDY  
IN "THE GREEN BUSHES."



## PARIS NOTES.

The world of Paris has gone mad on violets. Beneath the crêpe-decked flags pass dainty Parisians in black costumes and warm furs, showing an enthusiastic sympathy with another nation in mourning, and merely permitting their natural love of colour and gaiety to show itself in quaint bunches of the little purple flower. It is to be seen amid feathers and ribbons on a large black hat, it nestles against the neck of a Russian Princess, half smothered by the soft tulle ruffle which envelopes her throat, or it appears above the head and tail of the fashionable sable, and ends amid a soft fall of cream lace. It is an age of violets, and the small quaint flower reigns supreme. It gives colour to the season's dresses, and it tinges the whole of the Parisian world with its radiance, peeping beneath this veil of exaggerated sympathy, which even a great national loan is not heavy enough to tear into pieces.

Meanwhile, at the Renaissance, Sarah Bernhardt is to be seen in "Gismonda," and Sardou can be heard and admired at his best. The play is full of incident and life—theatrical life, for its fault lies in the fact that there is an incongruous sense of unreality which is somewhat bewildering. It has all the fascination of a fairy tale, with a fairy story's lack of realism. It is bewitching and full of interest, but it all happened many years ago, in the days when Athens warred with Sparta, and the feeling of conviction and truth are lacking. Sarah is at her best, in a rôle full of opportunities, in a piece especially suited to her genius. Its moral effect is doubtful, its interest never flags, and the hero, whose cold, brutal, and yet noble character takes a very secondary position, is well suited to the reserved style of Guitry's acting. It is difficult to obtain seats to see Sarah in what is certainly one of her most famous representations.

The author of "Lysistrata" has written an extraordinary play, to be seen at the Gymnase. In the "Pension de Famille" M. Dounay tells the history of a young married woman who is discovered by her husband with her lover. A divorce follows, and, amid many other complications, and a distressing air of sadness which surrounds her character, she concludes, in company with her husband's late friend, who has betrayed her, and another lady, whose chief rôle is to encourage a certain laxity of manners, that the world is not so bad after all, and that they can agree to forgive and forget, and join the dancers, who are amusing themselves in the pension. The chief character is played by Mlle. Darland, whose beautiful eyes are pathetically dark-rimmed, and whose ill-health has earned her widespread sympathy. Her companion in the play is Mlle. Vernéuil, one of the pretty sisters of Napoleon, when Madame Sans-Gêne delighted a London audience. The cast includes some charming little beauties who play the parts of two English girls. The piece is queer and full of interest; its weakness lies in its lack of plot, its strength in its witty dialogue, and its success in the wonderful dressing of the pretty women who adorn the boards.

The violet-decked world of ladies, who are not to be seen bicycling in the Bois; visit the famous Palais de Glace, where the scene is gay and full of vivacity and life, from the early morning till late at night. From ten till noon are to be seen the timid *jeune filles*, whose pretty velvet blouses and short skirts, with the dainty toques and inevitable purple flowers, look brilliant and bewitching on the smooth white ice. They fill up the pauses between their lessons with amiable disputes as to the merits of their favourite professors, and a certain pretty little Austrian lady and her sister stop their skating with bright eyes and animated gestures to admire the progress of their companions. There is the beautiful American writer, Miss Clifford, and the clever skater, Princesse Ghika; later the reporter from the *New York Herald*, whose wonderful evolutions on the ice have earned him the nickname of M. Frost. Not far from him the graceful Baron Froissard du Belley executes marvellous figures before the bewildered gaze of the beginners, and M. P. Deschamps is next. A lovely little Spanish woman, with dark eyes, the Princesse Kotehoubey, who glides past, while the band of fifty musicians, under the direction of M. Bourdeau (well known to all who frequent Dieppe), plays dance music, and adds to the gaiety of the whole scene. From two to four the morning's visitors are again to be seen, but later the other half of Paris begins to arrive, and, amid the rustle of silk skirts and a good deal of laughter, tea is served at the little round tables, and the ladies and *jeune filles* depart.

Simon Gerard is to be seen in Audran's "L'Enlèvement de la Toledad," and she is as vivacious and bewitching as of old. The best song is a Spanish dancing melody, in which she executes wonderful movements without lifting her feet from the ground. At Olympia there is a charming Ballet des Poupées, and at La Scala a fascinating programme includes Yvette Guilbert. There Clovis is to be heard, and the lean Kane Hill, and Mlle. Anna Thibaud in the quaint ditties of 1830. Guilbert had been ill, and unable to sing for some nights, so the public welcomed back their favourite as only a Parisian audience can. Among other things, seated in an arm-chair with black lace over her fair curls, she crooned the grandmother's song by Beranger, the "Vieille Chanson." "Les Demoiselles de Pensionnat" followed, with "La Nourrice Sèche," "La Soûlard," and "Les Vieux Messieurs."

## NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A volume sent out by Mr. Swinburne is always an event, and his newly published "Studies in Prose and Verse" (Chatto) is only a less considerable one than the appearance of a volume of his own poetry. To many readers the "Studies" will be already familiar, but some of them, especially those on Victor Hugo, gain much by being read in sequence. Why has not Mr. Swinburne a tyrannical editor whose judgment he absolutely trusts? It is an absurd idea, doubtless; but for lack of such a one or of another and more critical self, he will be edited sternly enough one day. There are passages of abuse here, and one whole essay, that, for love of Swinburne, one would like to rase out of the printed pages with the blackest of ink.

His most extravagant praise never offends, never even seems absurd. It is so whole-hearted, so youthful, and however much exaggeration there be in its expression, it has generally so reasonable a foundation, that it only makes us glow in company with him, or, at least, feel glad he is capable of such enthusiasm. It is always difficult to gauge the effect of criticism on readers. But it is surely safe to say that his series of essays on Victor Hugo in this volume will serve their end, and will again turn our eyes, temporarily diverted, to that wonderfully rich and prolific and many-coloured genius, of whom we are rather less than duly appreciative to-day.

Mrs. Steel is indefatigable. She pours out novels and tales profusely, and not the most carping critic can point to bad workmanship, and reprovingly bid her keep silence for a time. The only explanation seems to be that she must have been producing long before her comparatively recent success made her known to English readers. Her newest book is "Tales of the Punjab," which Mr. Lockwood Kipling has illustrated, and which Messrs. Macmillan have published in their Cranford Series. So far as Mrs. Steel is concerned, it is a book for children or for all who love the imaginative and grotesque literature of fairyland. The stories are strange, but their strangeness does not pass that line of unfamiliarity, which even imaginative children refuse to cross. They may be trusted to amuse children, and their elders too.

But Mrs. Steel has had a learned collaborator, Major Temple, who has annotated her stories very fully, and analysed them strictly according to the rules of the Folk-Lore Society. His part of the work, in small type at the back of the book, will be left alone by many elders, as it will be by all young readers; but it seems to be substantially and conscientiously performed, though a mere "lounger" cannot be expected to estimate its value exactly.

Arrowsmith's Annual should not be overlooked this year. But, indeed, there is little likelihood of this happening, since it bears the signature of Anthony Hope. "The Indiscretion of the Duchess" is a title to make the fortune of any book, yet the story need not be bought for the title alone. It is all admirable. Perhaps in response to popular expectations of what an "annual" should be, Mr. Hope has emphasised the rougher and more violent elements in the story slightly at the expense of its artistic value. That is the only fault one can find with a tale which will hold the interest of anyone with a spice of romance in him, and which is popular without being slovenly, or, indeed, anything which could throw discredit on even so refined and graceful a writer.

It is not altogether fortunate, perhaps, to bear the name of Robert Bridges. If one of the writing craft bear it, expectations are raised which it is hard to write up to. And these expectations are, of course, heightened by the choice of such a title as "Overhead in Arcady"—the name of a pretty little book by an American writer, published by Messrs. Dent. I am sceptical enough about the general interest in things poetical to believe that it will enhance and not diminish the interest in the book to say that of Arcady it never breathes a word, and that of the exquisite English poet whose namesake he is there is not an echo in the American Mr. Bridges' book. It consists of a series of dialogues—some of them witty, all of them, by their brightness, justifying their being reprinted from the pages of a newspaper—the speakers being the outstanding and most familiar characters in the works of living writers of fiction—Mr. Meredith, Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. R. L. Stevenson, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Frank Stockton, and others. They talk about themselves, and, very freely indeed, about their creators. The idea is a happy one, altogether in the humour of the present hour, and in carrying it out Mr. Bridges has had the fortunate collaboration of some skilful artists.

The first volume of the Edinburgh Stevenson proves that the edition in all externals will be a most gratifying success. One can have nothing but praise for form, and type, and binding. About the portrait by Mr. Hole there may possibly be a difference of opinion, though the technique is undoubtedly good.

If "Melting Snows" (Nimmo) comes within a novel reader's opportunities, he would do well not to pass it by. It is a book that might very easily miss the chance of success which its real merit gives it, inasmuch as it hardly answers to the popular demands of the present hour, and is by a writer altogether unknown in England. The writer is Prince Karolath, and the translator Miss Margaret Symonds, daughter of the late Mr. John Addington Symonds. She has admirably performed her task, and has introduced us to a book not of convincing power but of real imaginative merit, a faulty book of genius, in fact. o. o.



THE ART OF THE DAY.



THE BELLE OF THE BATH.—J. D. MASON.

EXHIBITED IN THE NORTH SURREY PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION, WEST NORWOOD.



## ART NOTES.

Mr. McLean's Autumn Exhibition contains many very beautiful pictures. First and foremost comes a Corot, "On the Borders of a Lake," an extremely delicate and silvery work, full of poetry and wonderful grace. There, too, is Daubigny's "Une Soirée d'Été," and M. L'Hermite's "Street in Old Paris." Of English painters, Mr. Henry Moore is represented by "A Wreck on the Goodwins" and "A Stormy Day on the Yorkshire Coast," both of them characteristic works of the artist. Mr. Briton Rivière has an animal study, "Suspense," a white dog listening outside the door of a room. Mr. Swan, however, eclipses "Suspense" by his magnificent reposing lion, life size and full length. There is a splendid sympathy in the motive, and an astonishing breadth in the style: he calls it "The Monarch of the Desert." Mr. MacWhirter lays a tribute at the feet of "Edinburgh" in a characteristic Scottish picture, with some real claim to occasional beauty. There are also some minor examples of Millet, Diaz, Constable, and Morland.

Mr. James Orrock, the well-known artist and connoisseur of art, whose delightful house in Bloomsbury contains so many treasures, has recently returned to London from an extended sojourn in Warwickshire. Mr. Orrock has been far from idle during his autumn holiday, and has brought back many charming sketches of the Warwick and Stratford district. London will probably next year reap the advantage of Mr. Orrock's Midland trip in a special exhibition of Shakspeare's country, which will be provided by the artist above mentioned and his *fidus Achates*, Sir James Linton, the gifted President of the Institute, who will be responsible for the "figure" portion of the show.

It would not be worth while to say very much about Mr. Sutton Palmer's drawings, a collection of which, chiefly landscape, form the present exhibition at the Fine Art Society's galleries. Mr. Palmer is a thoroughly conscientious and careful artist, with the power to take much pains. The unfortunate thing is that, with Mr. Palmer, the pains that he takes are expected to take the place of inspiration. He has not the artistic instinct to stop just where he should; he does not seem to



A BIRTHDAY ODE.—CHARLES E. MARSHALL.

EXHIBITED AT THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The Premier Grand Prix for painting has been awarded by the Académie des Beaux-Arts to M. Jules Auguste Leroux, for sculpture to M. C. Roux, for architecture to M. A. H. Recoura, and for *gravure en taille douce* to M. C. L. Germain.

The Grafton Galleries are just about to close their doors upon one of the most successful exhibitions, if not *the* most successful, of the year. The "Fair Women" (a charming idea in its inception) are about to turn their backs upon their admiring public and to retire once more into privacy. There is, apart from the artistic side of the matter—which in the presence of Romney, and Gainsborough, and Reynolds is important enough—a sentimental aspect to it which availed, probably, quite as much to draw crowds to Grafton Street as the other. There was something rather sweet and tender in the thought of retiring from the flagrant colour of life into the companionship of ladies whose beauty shone back upon you, very quietly and contemplatively, from beyond the doors of the grave. It was an excellent idea, too, on the part of the management to infuse new blood, as it were, into the exhibition a few months ago by changing and replacing many of the portraits. It celebrated the manly virtue of inconstancy very effectively. Anyway, the success of the show has been amply deserved.

know where elaboration destroys simplicity, instead of covering blankness. It is a pity, and cramps much of his work. Nor does he compensate by colour what he loses in the instinct of design.

The Winter Exhibition of the Hanover Gallery consists of a collection of the works of Charles Jaque, the distinguished, if not the great, follower of Corot and Troyon. It would be impossible, even from the information given by such an exhibition as this, to class Jaque on anything like terms of equality with those great masters. He lacks their sweep of observation, their splendid comprehensiveness. And yet, when you recognise that the range of his vision was, for artistic purposes, limited, when the confession has been frankly made, and you no longer look into his work for the achievement of these greater artists, you are fain to recognise that within his limits he saw characteristically and very beautifully. His picture, "Sheep Entering the Stable," which hangs in this collection, is a very remarkable work on this account; it is observed carefully, deliberately, designedly. Individuality—even of sheep—is delightfully separated and realised, while, in the effort to attain this truthfulness of detail, the general effect of straining and pressure is never for a moment forgotten. It is when you compare Jaque's efforts with those of Corot and his peers that you confess his obvious limitations.

SOME STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE

*Exhibited at Mr. Mendoza's Gallery, King Street, S.W.*



HELEN.—SOPHIE T. STERN.



A PURITAN.—JOHN F. ACRET.



CHRISTABEL.—VIOLET M. CAREY.



FLORIMER.—HENRY RYLAND.



## N U R E M B E R G   E N   F Ê T E .



CAR OF NORIS.

In honour of the four hundredth birthday of Hans Sachs, Nuremberg gave itself over to picturesque revels early in November. Who was Hans Sachs? The most eminent German poet of the sixteenth century, and chief of all the *meistersingers*. He was the son of a shoemaker, and was born in the quaint old city on Nov. 5, 1494. He followed his father's craft, and at the same time was busy in writing thousands of poems. Hans Sachs thus lived just before the renaissance in German poetry and prose. He was, in Browning's words, "ever a fighter," and in considering the career of the cobbler-poet one cannot ignore the polemical side of his character. He wrote many plays, the most remarkable of which are "Shrove Tuesday Plays." Interest in this imaginative and industrious poet was revived by Goethe, and gradually his works have received from his countrymen the high reputation to which they are entitled. The spirit of the Reformation breathes through the numerous hymns which Sachs wrote, and Luther had no warmer admirer than the author. Several biographies of this remarkable man have been published, and he now stands on a pinnacle of fame in the Fatherland. If he did not, in Goethe's phrase, "shake the world," there is no doubt that Hans Sachs "made good his standing-ground" as one of the teachers of his time. He died on Jan. 19, 1576, honoured by all his fellow-citizens, whose descendants have recently been commemorating the shoemaker-poet. The four hundredth anniversary of his birthday was not only celebrated as a *fête* in Nuremberg—as we see by the accompanying photographs, kindly supplied by Mr. Ernest Nister, the famous art-publisher—but also in New York. Addresses were delivered in praise of Sachs by various eminent speakers in Leiderkranz Hall, and in the evening of Nov. 5 a performance of two of his plays was given in the Irving Place Theatre.



A GROUP OF BREWERS AND COOPERS.



CAR OF NORIS, DECORATED WITH ROSES



STRAGGLERS AFTER THE PROCESSION.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## "A NEW NOTE." \*

"A New Note" has the flavour of ten years ago: our reading palates have grown accustomed to something stronger, neater, of less pure morals, and of English far more pure. The simplicity of its plot, of its characters, and its whole tone has a charm which is quaint, and has a touch of lavender perfume; its secrets might have been hidden in some old maid's secretaire, in company with a few withered rose-leaves and some old lace. It is a simple, half-whispered protest, in the quivering accents of the past, against the New Woman, but new institutions need



THE AUTHORESS OF "A NEW NOTE."

new methods to crush them. The voice which has been silent for so long is scarcely powerful enough to do any good, although it will give much pleasure to the chosen few, whose senses have been nauseated, and whose blushes have been incessant since the reign of the female novelists began. A revival of past methods which are not yet old enough to become antiquities remind the reader of second childhood fighting against youth; only one thing yet to come can crush the New Woman, and, as surely as time passes, it will rise and crush her, and that is the New Man. Then she may tremble, but all things take time, and, until the appointed hour, such feeble protests as "A New Note" are powerless instruments, and harmless reading.

The plot of the book is not new, nor are the characters entirely unfamiliar, its English is faulty, and it has no adequate finish. There is much in it which is absurd, close to much that is very charming. The good honest Irishman takes defeat well, but the writer yearns to be sarcastic, and when he has been jilted and sobbed dry sobs, we are told at the end of a chapter that

All was over. He had been lifted up to heaven and cast down again to earth—dull, barren earth.

It was all over.

But the five clubs remained.

This is an interesting piece of news, and will bring comfort to many a despairing lover. The moral seems to be, be jilted if you like, but so long as you belong to five clubs you can find consolation.

The story, which is a pretty one, begins with Victoria, a young lady belonging to a good county family, who wishes to become a professional violinist, and a gentleman, whose name is Jerry, and who is in love

with her, and is rejected on account of her ambition. She naturally meets with her fate in the person of a long-haired tenor of poor extraction, and with eloquent blue eyes. Victoria is not a success with the violin, but she produces an opera (in one act) which instantly brings her fame. Meanwhile, the long-haired, blue-eyed tenor has also tasted glory, and has grown becomingly fat. He takes the chief rôle in her opera, and they fall in love with each other, as a matter of course. Victoria is not proud of her attachment, and runs away from it, in company with her father, to spend the autumn with the rejected Jerry in Ireland. He proposes for the second time, and she accepts him. On her return the long-haired tenor again meets her, declares his love, and insists on her breaking off her engagement. She obeys, and the broken-hearted Jerry takes refuge in his five clubs. The tenor is not much liked by her family, but she is foolishly devoted to him, and all goes well until a young person comes to visit her, with a strange and pathetic tale. She is exceedingly disagreeable and unsympathetic to the young person, and quite deserves the inevitable revelation which follows. The fat tenor has run away with a married woman, promised to marry her, and broken his word. He comes in to find the two girls together, and loses his temper promptly. The young person is requested to retire, and Victoria has her final quarrel, and is left alone as the dinner hour approaches, and the book ends. The reader is left in doubt as to her ultimate fate. Interest is soon lost in an old lady whose voice is used to abuse the New Woman, and a girl with "crinky hair," who has nothing to do with the story.

On the whole, "A New Note" is readable, and is clean and wholesome. In the latter fact lies its charm, and that has nothing to do with its weakness. It needs a very clever hand to dish up an old concoction with a flavour fit for those who are accustomed to strong sauces, and the writer of "A New Note" was somewhat over-bold in the attempt.

## DAINTY MISS DANTON.

One of the cleverest and prettiest of the growing school of girl mimics founded by Cissie Loftus is little Miss Marie Dainton, who first appeared in London at the Metropolitan a short time ago. The little girl is just over fourteen, and her mother is the lady who is professionally known as Miss Jennie Dawson. Miss Dainton, though young in years, is not



MISS MARIE DANTON.

without theatrical experience. She played the Fairy Queen at the York pantomime last Christmas with considerable success, and she was so much applauded at the Metropolitan that the managers of the Royal at once secured her services. Her repertoire is extensive, and she is really very successful in not a few of her imitations. Marie Lloyd is not more perfectly self-possessed than this young lady, who should be distinctly in the front rank of the increasing battalion of girl mimics. Like Cissie Loftus—or, rather, Mrs. McCarthy, as we must call her now—Miss Dainton was educated at a convent. The convent would seem to be the nursery of the music-hall nowadays.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



SCENE: OUTSIDE THE STOCK EXCHANGE, LUNCH TIME.

"Will you take something?"  
"Vy, yeth, who from?"





## A SOUND POLICY.

JONES: "Hullo! Brown, old man; hanging round the pot-house again! That's not the way to make yourself famous, is it?"  
 BROWN (intellectual toiler): "Tha's just what it is, ole f'ler. Been told on good authrorrity that the only way to get on is to keep y'self before the public."





(THE PURSUIT)

IN FULL CRY!



(THE START)

GOING AWAY!



(THE FINISH)

THE BRUSH



(THE CAPTURE)

IN AT THE DEATH!



A TALE OF A HAT.

## THE FLOODS.

It sometimes seems amusing to find people in the country dating the events of their lives, as they often do, from storms, bad seasons, and other escapades of the physical world; but after such disasters as the recent floods have entailed, it is not difficult to understand why this should be so. All parts of the country have suffered, but few more so than the valley of the Thames. At Windsor the river rose four inches higher than it has done since the "Wellington Flood" of November 1852, when it suddenly rose about three feet. Amid the general lamentations there are some, however, who will possibly not be disappointed—to wit, the young gentlemen of Eton, who have got a long holiday, because the waters have inundated their school. Oxford was nearly entirely surrounded by water, which has also invaded the whole of the low-lying districts, causing damage and suffering in every direction. The hamlet of Cold Harbour was entirely flooded, the water in places being of the depth



Photo by W. C. Lewis, Bath.

THE DOLEMEADS, BATH, WITH THE ABBEY CHURCH AND NORTH PARADE.



Photo by W. G. Lewis, Bath.

THE SWOLLEN STATE OF THE AVON AT BATH.

of three feet, and rushing along with the velocity of a mill race, while from the road-bridge crossing the line the wreck of the Great Western Railway was to be seen. It was submerged altogether for nearly a mile, the most dangerous spot being at the little bridge just by the distant signal posts, which had been undergoing repairs for some time, and was now practically washed away by the flood. Bath has justified its name, the water rising nearly a foot higher than the memorable flood of 1882, and was, consequently, the highest of the century. In the district known as Dolemeads, containing 600 houses, all of the poorer class, not a cottage escaped, and even the upper rooms were inundated. Hundreds of people had to sleep in schools and parochial rooms. The gas supply failed, a cricket pavilion was overturned, and there was no performance at the theatre. A remarkable railway accident happened on the Great Western main line between Yeovil

and Weymouth. An engine went off the metals. The train branched off to the westward for about twenty feet, and then the engine fell into a ditch and turned over on its side. Next to the engine was a milk-van, and then came four passenger carriages, in which were six passengers. None of the carriages were overturned, and the passengers fortunately escaped with a shaking. The up metals had been washed completely away, and the train swerved in the direction in which the metals had been carried. Indeed, a great part of the Great Western system has suffered very severely. Cornwall has suffered considerably. In one village many private houses were gutted, and the gas and water mains were washed in sight. Bridges were swept away in various places, and the catalogue of disasters all over the country is a very serious one. In some places people have lost their lives, while many cattle have been drowned. Indeed, the floods of 1894 will long be memorable for the havoc they caused.



Photo by W. G. Lewis, Bath.

THE HAMLET OF COLD HARBOUR, ON THE BRISTOL ROAD.



## TWO VIEWS OF THE LONDON SHOP-GIRL.

She is a very superior young woman. At first glance she appears all eyes, back hair, and black satin gown. Thus, perhaps, an impressionist would portray her. But there are adjuncts, such as an exceedingly long,



*She is a very superior young woman.*

slim waist, a throat to match, and a bearing which at once renders other people conscious of their inferiority.

This might be the description of a countess; but it is not. It is a mere endeavour to set forth the principal attributes of a young lady to be found at—well, perhaps, I must not mention the name of the firm—in Bond Street.

If you go there she will show you “An extremely smart little frock, M a d a m—only nineteen guineas.”

Judging by her manner of imparting the latter information, you feel duly impressed by the fact that the sum of nineteen guineas is a detail to this elegant maiden. You are

abashed under her courteous but indifferent gaze, because you must think twice before buying a “smart little frock,” especially in Bond Street, and you are ingenuously assured that Messrs. — and — must have offered unheard-of pecuniary advantages to lure so fine a lady from her luxurious home, as you endeavour to extort from her the particulars of her life in one of London’s smartest shops.

She is astonished, affronted, appeased, by successive degrees. “Are the employees here well treated?” she echoes, with dignity. “Most certainly! We are supposed to be ladies and gentlemen, and are considered accordingly. The sensational abuses you read of in newspapers have no connection with us. Whether the life is a pleasant one is a question of taste, no doubt. We arrive at eight” (I could only fancy her driving up in her carriage-and-pair), “and we do not close our doors till six o’clock, except on Saturdays. We have a sufficient interval given us for lunch and for tea, which we have on the premises, in a room fitted up for the purpose. The life is rather tiresome, of course, but I prefer my work in the show-room of the dress department, as I am able to sit down when I am not employed. Even so, however, there is very little rest, and, of course, some of our customers are rather trying. I have noticed, though, that the higher they are in the social scale the more considerate they become. Our managers require us all to be well dressed, in black satin, though you can see by glancing at others that it isn’t a uniform. And no ladies of inferior appearance or manner are ever employed, for that would make a bad impression on our customers, who expect to find everything of the highest class in this establishment. I do not know at all if I should mention the salaries paid employees. But, perhaps, it may do no harm to give my own. I receive twenty-five shillings a week. I consider myself far better off than many governesses. Why, do you know, we have at least one army officer’s daughter with a salary no larger than mine.”

“Are you obliged to buy the gowns you wear here?” you ask.

“They are provided for us by the management, but they remain here. We put them on when we come, and never wear them home.”

“My amusements?” she says. “Well, they are much like other people’s. The theatre, once in a while a music-hall, and a dance sometimes. Oh! yes, I am fond of reading, though I haven’t much time for it, as I make my own dresses, and bonnets too. You see, I have exceptional opportunities of observing the best models during the day, and often sew at home of an evening. What authors do I prefer? Owen Meredith is my favourite poet, and of novelists I like Miss Braddon and John Strange Winter, I think. No; I don’t care for Dickens. He writes of such low life, and Thackeray is so tedious and old-fashioned. One hasn’t time for such books nowadays.”

At this moment up floats a magnificent being, whom you take to be a duchess at least, and you “silently steal away,” feeling that the black-satin enigma is an enigma no more.

As far from Bond Street as you can possibly go, and still remain in London, you pause before an insignificant shop window, which displays a motley collection of pink flannel nightdresses, cheap stays, and stockings, at a bargain, with a background of knitted petticoats of an ugliness

appalling. Within, a curious fragrance, suggestive of “huckaback” towelling, prevails, and at a counter set with metal photograph frames, gaudy scent-bottles, and fourpenny handkerchiefs, you are waited upon by a tired-looking girl, who wears a brown skirt under a badly-fitting black “jersey.” She has a cold in her head and a “stiff neck,” which she protects with a calico strip inside her collar. Her hair may have started out at morning in comparative tidiness, but stress of circumstances throughout the long day have caused its arrangement to suffer a change “into something new and strange.”

She is meant to be a pretty girl, but she has tired shadows under her eyes, the colour in her cheeks is fading, and her lips are pale and cracked. She has evidently not been selected for her manner or her accent. When you enter she is absorbed in conversation with a friend, and is loth to disentangle herself; nor can you blame her, when you catch such thrilling fragments as “He was there—We ’ad lovely winks—The ball next Sat’d’ay—I shall buy me some red satin shoes for two-and-eleven,” and so on. You feel like apologising for your intrusion, but when your victim has been asked for hatpins, and informed that you intend introducing her to the public in newspaper form, she brightens with a semblance of cordiality.

“You’re right,” she exclaims, “’tis an awful ’ard life! We don’t get away till nine at night, and we don’t ’ave Sat’d’ay afternoons either. Oh, no! we don’t get extra pay for stayin’ late—that’s part of our regular work. Wages vary, y’ know. I get ten shillin’s a week, and it’s about all I can do to live on it, for I ’ave my room to pay for as well as my keep and clothes! Work’s ’ard, too, and keeps us flyin’ about all day. There’s no sittin’ down for us. Folks would think business was bad if they walked in and found us doin’ that.”

“I used to feel I couldn’t stand it at first, my back and feet ached so; but now I’m better used to it. My back aches yet, but it’s a kind of dull ache that I don’t mind much, except I’m bad other ways, and then, if folks are hard to please, or make me fetch everything in the shop without buyin’ tuppenceworth, I do feel cross enough to claw them.”

“It’s enough to put a saint out of temper sometimes, but I try not to show it more than I can help. If I did, they’d complain, and, maybe, I’d lose my place. Just before Christmas it’s something awful. I feel as though I should screech, or go ravin’ mad, before the days are ’alf over, for we sell cheap, and that brings a crush. Often I don’t believe I could be bothered takin’ the trouble to live, if it wasn’t that I’m engaged to be married. (This with an air of vast importance.) He’s an awful nice fellow, and takes me out regular on Sundays and ’olidays. Too tired to enjoy goin’? Well, I try to forget that feelin’, for a girl must have some fun. We go for a walk or ’bus ride on Sundays in winter, and there’s lots of nice things to do in summer. I’m fond of the theatres, for ’olidays. We go to the “Pav.” and the Surrey, but best of all’s the pit at the Adelphi. They ’ave grand plays there, you



*She wears a brown skirt under a badly-fitting “jersey.”*

know. We’re going to be married next July, and Jim says he’ll take me to Margate, if it costs him all he’s got.”

“Oh, I’m not great on readin’. I fall asleep over most everything but the *Family Herald*, I’m so played out at night, unless I keep goin’. Life is kind of hard, but what with Jim and all I ain’t worse off than most girls.”

She is evidently supported by the thought of “the ball on Sat’d’ay,” and you are glad she is satisfied with her poor lot.

Yet, after all, you leave her with a sigh.

A. L.

# THE THEATRICAL SEASON IN LONDON.

At a time when the theatrical season is in full swing it may be interesting to reproduce the portraits of some of the favourite artistes appearing at the present time, or who will shortly appear, on the boards of our principal lyric and dramatic stages. Among others may be mentioned Madame Albani, whose great talent is daily more and more appreciated at the important concerts; Madame Melba, the London favourite, who holds out the hope of a speedy return; Madame Sigrid Arnoldson, the popular prima donna of the Covent Garden Opera; Madame Sarah Bernhardt, whose new piece, "Gismonda," by Victorien Sardou, is very shortly to be produced in this country; Miss Florence St. John, now appearing so successfully in "Mirette," at the Savoy;

Mrs. Langtry, the "Jersey Lily"; Mademoiselle Yvette Guilbert, whose ever-increasing success in Paris affords hope of a not far-distant visit to London. A not uninteresting subject at the commencement of this winter season is to gather the ideas and the advice of these famous artistes as to the means they employ to preserve their voice and to prevent colds, so easily caught at the theatre, especially behind the scenes. With this object in view M. Géraudel, the inventor of the celebrated pastilles which bear his name, has been invited to make known the opinion of these artistes, and here, together with their portraits and signatures, are extracts from some of the letters which have been sent to him. These pastilles, as everyone knows, can be had of all chemists.



I find your Pastilles excellent for the throat. I very often use them when I am hoarse, and they do me a great deal of good.

Yours faithfully,

*Madame Melba*



I have been using Géraudel's Pastilles for some time, and can testify to their being most efficacious for cough or irritation of the throat.

There is no doubt of their being of great service to singers.

I am, yours very faithfully,

*Sigrid Arnoldson*



The cold weather is upon us, to be kind enough to send me a further supply of Géraudel's Pastilles.—Compliments.

*Sarah Bernhardt*



My dear Sir,—At one time it was a trouble to me to sing one or two songs, now I am happy to tell you that, thanks to your Pastilles, my voice is so much strengthened that I can sing eight or ten without feeling any fatigue.

You have my permission to publish this.

*Yvette Guilbert*



I have pleasure in informing you that I have tried your Pastilles with great success, and although suffering from a very bad cold, they gave me such relief that I was enabled to continue my performance without interruption. I can thoroughly recommend them for strengthening and clearing the voice.

Yours very truly,

*Florence St. John*



Your Pastilles for the throat and voice have been tried by me, and I am happy to testify to their fine results.

Yours faithfully,

*Mrs. Langtry*



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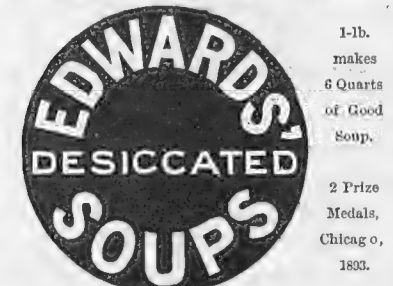
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## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Already Cloister is quoted at a very short price on the Continental lists for the Grand National, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Duff's old champion will stand another preparation. At present he is said to be as sound as bell metal, and I know of no healthier training grounds than those on the South Downs at Lewes. In the meantime, I hear the best accounts of Why Not, while Æsop and The Midshipmite are plodding along in their work. I cannot discover anything trained in Ireland at present that is likely to be dangerous.

If a leading bookmaker were to write his experiences, the work would get a ready sale. I wonder Mr. R. H. Fry or Mr. R. Dunn, both men with a good literary style, has not worked out this idea. They could tell us about the miles they travel each year, the inconvenience they have to put up with in railway trains, and the charges at leading hotels. Further, they may give us a few opinions about their several clients, how they stand their losses, and the capers they cut when by accident they win.

It is evident, from the remarks made by the Home Secretary the other day, that the Jockey Club will have to enrol a body of racecourse constables, and that quickly, too. As I have before stated, the Lingfield and Gatwick people find the police pensioners an able body of men. They answer admirably, and I think the Jockey Club could not do better than take the whole number under their wing at once. The idea is one that could be put into practice at a very small cost.

I am told the Stewards of the Jockey Club have inquired of the Clerks of Courses as to the cost of police for certain race meetings. Perhaps, after all, the Jockey Club is about to adopt my suggestion, and start a private police force. Of course, I know nothing of the figures supplied to the Club, but I am told that on a Derby Day quite one thousand constables are employed directly and indirectly in connection with the meeting. Of course, this number includes those who regulate the traffic by rail and by road.

I believe the Duke of Montrose is going in strongly for racing next year. The Duke of Devonshire will patronise the sport of kings again next year, and so will the Duke of Beaufort, and I am told the Duke of Marlborough intends to run a few horses. Of course, the Dukes of Portland, Rutland, Hamilton, and Westminster will continue their patronage of the Turf, so that next year the strawberry leaf gentlemen will, with the least bit of luck, be well to the fore; and it is strange how lucky some Dukes have been on the Turf.

Sporting intelligence is, seemingly, a telling feature in both morning and evening papers, and the great dailies are now vying one with the other as to which shall give the latest racing, football, and athletic gossip. It is pardonable, in my case, to say that it is with feelings of pleasure I notice that at any rate the "big dailies" are lending their columns to the advancement of our healthy pastimes, as not many years back they declined to publish anything about either football or cycling, and they did not hesitate to denounce both pastimes as being dangerous and silly.

The prophets have had a very bad time of late, and the weekly tipping papers that rely on a few winners at the back end to help them over the winter are in a bad way. A big publisher tells me that the guides are not selling just now, but directly the entries for the spring handicaps appear they will be in great demand once more. It is a funny fact that the racing man could get a complete return of the racing this week, yet he fails to purchase the book until the second week in January. This proves that sportsmen take a rest.

Although the business rivalry between T. Loates and M. Cannon has been of the strongest during the last few months, the pair are the best of friends, and they always work amicably together. Indeed, there was no more welcome guest at M. Cannon's wedding than T. Loates, who, it will be remembered, wore a tall hat for the first time, and he told me that he should discard the ugly and uncomfortable headgear for ever after. It can be said of Loates and Cannon that neither takes a mean advantage of any young jockey, either at the post or in the race.

The new course at Birmingham will, according to all accounts, be a perfect one, and I hope it will succeed better than the venture at Four Oaks did. The clerks must try and get several Monday fixtures, as the Midlanders delight in racing on Mondays, and many of the mechanics and artisans take holiday on that day. It is not necessary to give big prizes, but there should not be too many selling races, as these events do not, as a rule, favour the talent.

Several of the soldier amateur riders will be missing from the saddle this winter, but there will be a few riding. Captain Lee Barber has met with an accident. Major Owen may once more try to win the Grand National, and Captain Barry, who has a neat seat in the saddle, is likely to be seen to the fore once more. Captain Bewicke will, of course, be much in evidence, and I hope to see Sir C. Slade win a race or two on old Æsop, who, by-the-bye, with a bit of luck, may again get placed for the Grand National.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Before these lines appear in print the School Board Election of 1894 will be happily an event of the past. There can, therefore, be no reproach of partisanship attached to one who points out the extreme difficulty which any conscientious citizen must have felt in supporting either party. The natural man recoils instinctively from leaders with names like Diggle and Athelstan Riley. Athelstane the Unready was respectable, if inert; but Athelstan the Unriley is a monstrosity of nomenclature. For such persons to be in all ways worthy of support would seem impossible, as impossible as for a man with a double-barrelled name to attain eminence, for example, Shaw-Lefevre, Spring-Rice, &c. But if one consults the Progressive list, the confidence inspired by the name of Stanley is annihilated by the appearance of Lyulph—a good Saxon name, no doubt, but one which inspires anything but confidence.

And the parties following these leaders are equally unsatisfactory. The Moderates, so-called, stand convicted of an attempt to intrude doctrinal subtleties on the infant mind; while the Progressives, so-called, are almost bound to increase the rates, and vote increased salaries to the teachers, who are supporting their propaganda—a bargain which savours of corruption. The sensible man, if he would govern the course of the election, would reject Lyulphs and Headlams, Diggles and Lobbs and Rileys, with impartial severity, and hope that the moderate men of both sides might contrive to agree on a fair working compromise. For, indeed, the theological question is one of little real importance. When one reflects on the average power of comprehension of children with regard to matters well within their ken, it seems rather ridiculous to squabble over the exact amount of doubtful and unintelligible theology that shall or shall not be taught them. The average infant mind has reserves of forgetfulness and stupidity capable of swallowing all the theology ever taught, and leaving no sign.

Yet we have excellent Churchmen clamouring that, if the Progressives win, Christianity is to be excluded from school teaching; and equally excellent Nonconformists shouting that, if the Moderates conquer, the children of London will be placed under an insidious and Jesuitical priestly influence. All which is bosh. The probability is that if only the extremists on both sides could be excluded, the School Board could go about its work with some hopes of success. But, unluckily, it is just the extremists who are sure of election under the cumulative vote. The faddist is before all things selfish, and plumps for his own man, no matter how irrelevant the fad, or how noxious. Let the empire fall, and he cares not; he has brought in Jones for the Rotterdam division.

I have sometimes thought that popular election, especially with the cumulative vote, might help us to select really able representatives, if only the first on the list were rigorously excluded. When the Greeks met to award the crowns for the victory of Salamis, it is recorded that each captain adjudged the first prize to himself; but for the second most men chose Themistocles. Now, had the first prize been ignored, the verdict could have been endorsed by an impartial judge. The head of the poll, with the cumulative vote, is too often the nominee of a comparatively small body of selfish faddists; the second and others are the deliberate choice of the real majority.

It is a comfort to the newspaper-reading public that at last the great Russian nation has succeeded in getting its late Czar fairly under ground. Funerals are touching and sympathetic functions, but they may be abused, and this last Imperial function was considerably overdone. The wearisome details of our own papers were hardly less tiring than the theatrical tears of the French Press. The late Czar was, indeed, a pathetic figure—the man of big frame and limited intellect killing himself in the struggle to understand and conscientiously perform his duty—but when he was at rest, it was surely better to let him rest. For days and weeks our Press has been like a Burlington Arcade of undertakers' shops.

It has been a fundamental defect of the system of sepulture, introduced and developed by Christianity, that it, to a certain extent, but in a far more repulsive form, revives that excessive interest in the disposal of our mortal remains which paralysed the infant civilisation of Egypt. In the ideal state of society a dead man's body should be got rid of with little more trouble and ceremony than his old clothes. He has done with both; they are of no more use to him, and it is best to finish with both expeditiously; or, if we must have something to lament over, let us rather keep the clothes.

That, at least, should be our feeling if we really and truly held the theological doctrines that we are supposed to believe. But *do we?*

MARMITON.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

As might have been expected, the Northern Rugby clubs are showing fight over the now famous circular. The Northerners, however, do not care to come to close quarters. Instead of giving the Union the denial direct, and refusing to sign the circular, they pass a resolution to the effect that the resolutions of the Committee are not reasonable and just

interpretations of the existing laws of the Union. They further request the Committee to call a general meeting of the Union to discuss the contents of the circular.

The request of the Northerners for a general meeting to discuss the manifesto appears to me a perfectly reasonable one. While I think that the Union are perfectly right in trying to put an end to the present disgraceful state of affairs which, we know, prevails largely in Lancashire and Yorkshire, it appears to me that the Rugby Union Committee are not only attempting to ride the high horse, but that their action is unjustifiable, and I believe illegal. It is true there is a vaguely-worded bye-law to the effect that the Union Committee reserve to themselves the right to adjudicate upon professional questions, but surely the



Photo by Cobb and Keir, Woolwich.

HARRY GREENWOOD.

Committee will not take upon themselves, without the sanction of the general body of the Union, a step which will undoubtedly rive the Rugby Union in twain.

I am glad to hear that the Northerners are not alone in their protest. There are a number of Southern clubs, whose amateurism is above suspicion, who deny the power of the Committee to create bye-laws in this wholesale fashion, and who consider the terms of the circular not only unjust, but insulting. I cannot see that the Committee can do other than call a general meeting to discuss the whole question, and, in this event, it is doubtful whether they will find their autocratic policy endorsed.

The coming inter-Varsity Rugby match is causing more than usual interest, chiefly because of the fact that both Oxford and Cambridge are above the average strength of Varsity teams. Some good critics even go the length of saying that Oxford have never had a more powerful fifteen, and in this respect I am rather disposed to agree with them. Up to date, Oxford have not been defeated, and they have met some of the most powerful clubs in the country.

So far as combination goes, I feel quite sure that Oxford have never before reached such a high standard. The team, from stem to stern, works in almost perfect combination, and while general efficiency is the rule rather than individual brilliancy, the Oxford fifteen includes several men who, in their respective positions, are probably the cleverest exponents of the game in the country. It is years since either of the Varsities had a full-back equal to A. R. Smith, of Oxford. I consider him quite as good a man as Gregor McGregor, the old Cantab. At half-back W. P. Donaldson will compare favourably with Wotherspoon, Martin-Scott, or any other of the old-time heroes, while the four three-quarters, as a combination, have probably never been surpassed. The forwards are on the light side, but they are clever, and know how to get the ball out to their backs.

On the season's doings Cambridge are not far behind. It is true they have lost a couple of matches, but, as both of these were to rather weak teams, it is very likely that in these instances the Cantabs were caught napping. Their record against the best clubs is almost as good as that of Oxford. Perhaps the Cambridge Fifteen have suffered from too much chopping and changing. While Oxford have played the same men week after week, I doubt whether Cambridge have twice put the same fifteen in the field. In W. Mendelson, Cambridge have a capital full-back, although his leg has been troubling him lately. At three-quarter they are also strong individually, but their combination is not nearly so perfect as their rivals. There is some talk of bringing up W. Neilson to assist at three-quarter, but, considering that he has not played with the team this season, it is doubtful whether his inclusion would strengthen it. At half-back Cambridge should be weaker, but it is just possible that the forwards may out-play the Oxford scrummagers. If they do not, then it appears to me that Oxford will repeat their last season's victory.

The Yorkshire Competition is extremely interesting this season, chiefly because there are about half-a-dozen clubs all within hail of each other. Liversedge are nominally at the top, but that is only because they have

played more matches than Bradford, who really hold the strongest position. Manningham, Hunslet, and Halifax are practically neck and neck, and Brighouse are just on their heels. The Lancashire Competition has been utterly ruined by the suspension of Wigan, Salford, and Leigh for professionalism.

In the Association world Everton had a strange run of ill luck. For the first eight matches they could do nothing wrong, but since their defeat by Blackburn Rovers some six weeks ago, Everton, up till last Saturday morning, had not won a single League match. Sunderland, on the other hand, have been gradually strengthening their position, and have now a slightly better record than Everton. It is very unlikely that any of the other clubs will seriously threaten the leaders. In the second division Bury still hold the lead, but Notts appear to be fast closing on them, and Grimsby are not altogether out of the running. Some even fancy the chances of Woolwich Arsenal, who, although nearly half-way down the list, have played a large proportion of matches away from home. During the next few weeks the Arsenal will have the advantage of playing on their own ground, and I doubt very much whether any League team will succeed in defeating them at Plumstead. The Arsenal are one of the youngest clubs in the League, but thanks to their management, and to the indefatigable labours of their secretary, Harry Greenwood, the club is not only a financial success, but is gradually assuming a strong position in the League. They are far and away the best of any Southern club, if we except the Corinthians, who are drawn from all quarters. It was only the other day the Arsenal defeated with ease a fairly strong team of Casuals. This is the second time that the Arsenal have defeated the Casuals this year.

As their name implies, the Casuals are gathered together from nearly all parts, but the club is largely made up of Varsity and public school men. I believe I am right in saying that the Casuals have the largest playing membership of any amateur club in the kingdom. They are well looked after by Fred Bickley, an old Eton boy, and one of the greatest enthusiasts who ever played the game. There can be no doubt about the amateurism of the Casuals.

In the Southern League, Millwall Athletic still head the list, but some of their recent performances have rather shaken the confidence of their supporters. The club likely to trouble Millwall most is Luton Town, but the team is rather on the light side for the hard, tearing work of League matches. It is quite possible that Southampton St. Mary's will trouble one or other of the leaders, but I apprehend no great danger from any of the others.

OLYMPIAN.



Photo by E. Goodfellow, Wincanton.

MR. FRED BICKLEY.

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## A CURIOUS WEATHER INDEX.

It would be difficult to find a more striking sort of index to the weather in 1893 and 1894 than in the hay crops of the two seasons. Here are two stacks, showing the hay grown in the same field of a small



Surrey farm. The smaller stack, which contains seven loads, was the product of 1893; the larger, containing twenty-six and a half loads, was what this year yielded. Of course, the little stack has shrunk; but, allowing for all that, the difference between the two is startling. *A propos* of hay, let us here correct an error in the title of a picture which recently appeared in the *Sketch*, which instead of being called "In the Harvest Field," was named "In the Hayfield." The author of the article, Mr. D. S. Meldrum, by the way, was married last week, in Holland, to Miss Broers, of Utrecht. We congratulate this rising young writer on the event.



Photo by Barrauds, Oxford Street, W.

A MODERN WOMAN.

## THE RECTOR OF ST. BOTOLPH'S.

There must be few people in London who have not heard of the Rev. William Rogers, the veteran Rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate. His genial presence, and his good after-dinner stories, have been familiar for not far short of half a century. His friends and admirers, with Lord Rosebery for spokesman, have been marking his seventy-fifth birthday in an appropriately handsome fashion, for on Saturday the Premier presented him, on behalf of subscribers, with a portrait and a handsome suite of three massive silver bowls, the ceremony taking place at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. The bowls, which were manufactured by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, are accurate copies of an antique Irish design, known to collectors as the "Irish" cup. They are richly gilt, and each bears the arms of the recipient engraved on the obverse, and on the reverse a suitable inscription, that on the large centre bowl being as follows—

In perpetuum amicitiae et amoris memoriam  
WILELMO ROGERS, A.M.,  
hominum humanissimo, amicorum amicissimo  
pastorum fidelissimo, annis vitae lxxv., iam egregie peractis  
hunc cratera D.D. amici grati et gratulantes.  
A.D. viii. Kal. Decemb. MDCCCXCIV.

On the smaller bowls respectively—

WILELMO ROGERS, A.M.  
Annis vitae lxxv. viriliter peractis  
D.D. amici gratulantes  
A.D. viii. Kal. Decemb. MDCCCXCIV.

And—

WILELMO ROGERS, A.M.  
Annis vitae lxxv. feliciter peractis,  
D.D. amici gratulantes  
A.D. viii. Kal. Decemb. MDCCCXCIV.

A feature of the celebration, which must have given him special pleasure, was the opening of the new institute at Bishopsgate, into which he has put so much work. Lord Rosebery and Prebendary Rogers are old friends, and the Prime Minister has often been at the Rectory in Devonshire Square. It is a somewhat dull square, and the roar of the traffic about Liverpool Street echoes across it. The cosy



little study of the Rectory, a room on whose walls hang the portraits of many well-known people, looks out upon the square. Perhaps it was here that Mr. Rogers's volume of reminiscences, issued some few years ago now, took their inspiration. They were, like the man, bright and witty, but they did not include any of his after-dinner stories, nor did they discourse, as he so well could, upon the dainty art of after-dinner story-telling. No, the after-dinner story is to be told, not written, and probably the Prebendary holds the rule to be unbreakable.

As a boy Mr. Rogers knew Coleridge the poet, who was a frequent visitor to his father's house, both at Bloomsbury and at Hampstead. At Eton young Rogers became one of the Eight, and he developed his love for rowing when he went to Oxford. Indeed, he rowed for Oxford in the third or fourth contest with Cambridge, and all his life he has been a strong advocate of out-door sports. Until recent years he rode regularly to hounds, and his eager spirit was hardly likely to let him be the last man in the field. Those familiar with the Row in Hyde Park may remember to have seen the Duke of Clarence or the Duke of York having a canter on occasion with the genial Rector of St. Botolph's. Dr. Jowett and Sir Stafford Northcote were two of Mr. Rogers's contemporaries at Oxford, and his friendship with them, as with other equally well-known men, continued in later life.

Prebendary Rogers's work for the Church has been all in London, first as a curate in Fulham, then as incumbent of St. Thomas's, Charterhouse, and subsequently as rector of St. Botolph's. The region of his work as incumbent of St. Thomas's lay in the vicinity of Old Street, and the population he worked among consisted mostly of costermongers. The educational facilities of the people were not in those days what they now are by a very long way, and Mr. Rogers set to work to build schools for the children in his district. Education has always been a favourite subject with him, and he has laboured for it in many directions. Apart from his efforts in the provision of schools, he was a member of the first London School Board, and he has long been associated with Dulwich College. At seventy-five the Prebendary is as blithe as possible, and everybody will hope that he may celebrate many another birthday with equal blitheness. Decidedly he is one of our picturesque personalities in London, and there are not so many, after all, who can absolutely be claimed for London.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Only last week I was discoursing on the beauty of velvet gowns for evening wear, and now my admiration for them has increased tenfold, by reason of the fact that—thanks to Mr. Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street—we need not have to content ourselves with merely looking and longing, but can, at any time which may seem good to us, possess ourselves of one of the much-to-be-desired garments at an outlay so moderate that a velvet gown becomes an economical investment, instead



of an extravagant indulgence. In proof of my words you have only to look at our first illustration this week, and listen to my description of the same. This gown, then, is composed of silk velvet, the colour to be decided upon to suit individual tastes and complexions; the full, perfectly-cut skirt, which, be it specially noted, is made upon a silk foundation, falls into three large pleats at the back, the bodice, which is draped round the figure in a way which is both effective and becoming, being drawn at the back into two smart bows, which finish it off at the waist. The shoulder-straps are fastened with rosettes, and the square-cut corsage is relieved by a large bow, while over the large puffed elbow sleeves falls some beautiful mellow-tinted lace, arranged in deep points. Altogether an eminently handsome and, withal, most smart and becoming gown, and yet the price for the complete costume—surprises, when they are of so pleasant a nature, can always be borne—is only seven guineas! Truly, a note of exclamation is necessary, for this is one of the most wonderful, genuine bargains which I have ever come across, an opinion in which you must one and all join, I am sure. It took me some time to tear myself away from the contemplation of this fascinating gown, for I was looking, too, at the various shades and colours of velvet in which it is made, and picturing the effect of each, but I next had my attention attracted by an elaborately beautiful gown, which, as no mere description could do it full justice, I have also had sketched for you. You must imagine it carried out in pink silk, the full skirt bordered with twists of leaf-green satin ribbon, tied in knots at regular intervals, the same satin slashing the enormously full puffed sleeves, and forming a bow of goodly dimensions at the right side of the waist. The corsage is bordered with a ruching of delicate pink chiffon, and some handsome ivory-white lace falls over the shoulders, and tapers to a point at the waist, both at the back and in the front, this V-shaped

arrangement having an exceedingly good effect upon the figure. Nor is this all, for a perfect finishing touch is given by a deep fringe of the most exquisite jewelled passementerie in gold and opalescent and iridescent beads, studded with faint green and pink stones, and with great pear-shaped pearls as pendants, the effect when the light plays upon the glittering mass being lovely.

But, after all, these are but two gowns out of many equally attractive, and I must tell you of another evening dress, which had a plain skirt of powder-blue satin, and a bodice, the front of which was of pink mirror velvet, and the back of the satin, a deep square collar of white lace being caught in the centre with satin rosettes, while the puffed elbow-sleeves had shoulder-straps of velvet, terminating in rosettes and carelessly cut ends. Then there was a splendid dinner or reception dress, upon which many a stately matron will cast covetous glances, which was of pinkish-mauve satin, brocaded with clusters of hyacinths and palm-like grasses, the front of the trained skirt, which had wide side-panels of velvet in a rich deep shade of the same colour, being edged with tiny black ostrich tips. The same effective trimming outlined the décolletage at the back of the bodice, in which the velvet and brocade both formed a part, a pleated cape-like arrangement of the former fabric, edged with jet passementerie, falling over the puffed satin sleeves, and a basque effect being obtained by deep jet fringes. Extremes invariably meet, so the next thing upon which I gazed approvingly was a dainty evening gown for a girlish *débutante*, the fabric—soft white silk—being almost covered with rows upon rows of satin baby ribbon, interspersed with lace insertion, the whole terminating a little below the waist in a thick Vandyked ruching of the baby ribbon. I had the curiosity to ask how much ribbon had been used on this apparently simple dress, and I found that 318 yards had been consumed, so taking all this into consideration, the price for the complete costume—seven guineas—is wonderfully moderate. Then last, but by no means least, there is a velvet



day gown, which is likely to be as popular as the evening gowns, and it, too, is to be had in a variety of colours, and has a silk foundation—most powerful of recommendations. The skirt, which is cut to perfection in the very newest shape, is bordered with mink, and seven guineas is the price thereof, this sum including five and a-half yards of velvet for the bodice (the fact that such a quantity should be necessary showing the prosaic side of our ever-extending sleeves), and

(Continued on page 253.)

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**CHEAP  
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& Cold Cream.

"Once  
tried,  
always  
used."

Should be used in every household, as [nothing is better  
for the complexion.]  
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. WHOLESALE DEPOT: 67, HOLBORN VIADUCT.

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Has been for 100 years unsurpassed as the best and safest preserver  
and beautifier of the hair, and is far preferable to other hair-restorers,  
which are really progressive dyes, and deposit a sediment on the scalp  
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**BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR,**

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fact—ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL is the best for the purpose.

BOTTLES, 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.

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An Antiseptic, Preservative, and Aromatic Dentifrice, which Prevents and Arrests Decay. It con-  
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CATARRH CURE  
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Cures Cold in the Head, cures Nervous  
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Sold by all Chemists and Stores.  
Price ONE SHILLING.

Post Free 15 stamps, from  
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Refuse worthless imitations.

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DR. HORN'S "ACESMA" quickly restores  
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Tonic" for thin or falling hair.  
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ishes of the skin. Price 2/9, 5/-, and  
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Read Dr. Horn's Treatise, "THE  
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ONE BOX OF

**DR. MACKENZIE'S IMPROVED  
HARMLESS ARSENIC WAFERS**  
will produce the most lovely complexion that the  
imagination could desire. Clear, Fresh, freed from  
Blotch, Blemish, Coarseness, Redness, Freckles, or  
Pimples. Sent post free, 4s. 6d.

To whiten the hands and skin, use

**DR. MACKENZIE'S ARSENICAL TOILET SOAP.**

1s. per Tablet; 3 for 2s. 6d.; postage 3d.  
S. HARVEY, 12, Gaskarth Road, Balham Hill, London.  
S.W. Beware of injurious imitations.

**POSITIVELY THE BEST DRESSING FOR PRESERVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE HAIR**

SPECIALLY PREPARED AND PERFUMED FOR TOILET USE.

Acknowledged to be the Best.

"Dear Sir,—After trying several hair-  
producers, and giving yours a fair trial, I  
must acknowledge it to be the best.

"S. BENNETT.

"19, Gloucester Place, Liverpool."

Despaired of Success.

"Sir,—My delight at the remarkable  
results produced by the use of your 'Har-  
lene' impels me to testify to its efficacy.  
I had tried several other applications and  
had despaired of success, when I was  
advised to try yours. I have used three  
bottles, and, as a result, my hair is as  
plentiful as it was ten years ago.

"G. COSTA.

"4, Rue de la Sourdière, Paris."

The Hon. Mrs. Thompson's Testimony.

"Ackworth Moor Top, Pontefract.

"The Hon. Mrs. Thompson desires to  
testify to the value of 'Harlene' for  
strengthening and preserving the hair,  
and will be pleased to allow her testi-  
mony to be publicly used."

Done Wonders for my Hair.

"Sir,—Please send me one 5s. 6d. bottle  
of 'Harlene.' I have used it for the last  
eighteen months, and it has done wonders  
for my hair. I now wish to induce a friend  
of mine to try it; also a bottle of 'Violetta.'

"JANE LEECH.

"The Oaks, Wisbeach Rd., King's Lynn."

Vain Regrets.

"Gentlemen,—I have tried your 'Har-  
lene,' and find that there is none to equal  
it. I only regret that I did not try it years  
ago.

"MISS PRESTON.

"Southend Villas, Syston, nr. Leicester."



An Excellent Hair-Dressing.

"Sir,—Kindly forward another bottle of  
'Harlene.' I like it immensely. I think it  
an excellent dressing for the hair, and  
prefer it to any other. "Mrs. ROSE,  
"Lower Heywood, Banbury, Oxon."

An Anxious Father Satisfied.

"Sir,—I am pleased to testify to the  
efficacy of your 'Harlene.' My little boy  
(four and a half years old) has had a bald  
place on the back of his head from his birth.  
I applied the 'Harlene' to the place daily,  
and the result has been most satisfactory."  
[Name and address suppressed by desire.  
Original may be seen.]

For Eyebrows and Renewing the Hair.

"Dear Sirs,—I have used your  
'Harlene' for nearly four years, and have  
found it most satisfactory for the eyebrows  
and eyelashes, also for renewing the hair.

"Miss TRUSS,

"6, Belgrave Terrace, Brighton."

A Marked Improvement.

"Dear Sirs,—Having used one bottle of  
your 'Harlene,' I noticed a marked  
improvement; my hair is beginning to  
grow, and the scurf has disappeared. I  
will recommend it to my friends.

"Miss WEBB,

"Northumberland House, Brandon,

"Suffolk."

Delighted with the Hair-Tonic.

"Sir,—I am delighted with your hair-  
tonic; can detect an improvement with  
using one bottle. Please send large size.

"SAMUEL GROCOTT.

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**WORLD-RENOUNDED HAIR-PRODUCER AND RESTORER.**

IS THE BEST DRESSING, SPECIALLY PREPARED AND PERFUMED FOR TOILET USE. "HARLENE" PRODUCES LUXURANT HAIR, PREVENTS ITS FALLING OFF & TURNING GREY.

Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache. The World-renowned Remedy for Baldness. For Curing Weak and Thin Eyelashes, Preserving, Strengthening, and  
rendering the Hair beautifully Soft. For removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c., also for Restoring Grey Hair to its Natural Colour, it is without a rival. Physicians and Analysts pronounce it to be devoid  
of any metallic or other injurious ingredients. 1s., 2/6, and 5/6 per Bottle. May be had from Chemists, Hairdressers, and Perfumers all over the World, or sent direct, postage paid, on receipt of P.O.O.

**EDWARDS' "HARLENE" CO., 95, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.**



a goodly allowance of fur for trimming. I expect that, even before you arrived at this dress, you had made up your minds that an early visit to the silk costume department of Mr. Peter Robinson's Oxford Street establishment was altogether desirable, and, in fact, absolutely necessary. So I will leave you to pursue any further investigations in person, merely advising you to devote some special attention to the petticoats, which contain such things of beauty as one in



THE "STEHLIS" GOWN.

white satin, patterned with lilies and red roses, and bordered with three pinked-out frills of glacé silk in deep and pale pink, divided by pale green and veiled with a flounce of lace, through which ribbon, in the three colours, is threaded and tied in long bows at intervals; another of these glorified petticoats being of black satin, brocaded with pinkish-mauve honeysuckle and trimmed with silk frills in green, pink, and mauve, the black lace flounce being bedecked with baby ribbon in the same colours.

#### A NEW BLACK SILK.

In the days of our grandmothers a black silk dress was a cherished possession, which was awarded the place of honour in the wardrobe, and only taken thence to grace high days and holidays; but later on it fell upon evil days, and at last was no more seen. Now its turn has come again, Dame Fashion has smiled upon it, and black silk has come into its kingdom once more. Long may it reign, say I, for it is one of the few things which suit everybody, and can be worn on any and every occasion. But the most powerful reason for the revival of black silk is to be found in the fact that modern inventive genius has produced a fabric which, though it bears the same name as the silks of our grandmothers, is, to all intents and purposes, an entirely different material. The old-time silk had an unfortunate knack of speedily taking upon itself a greasy and shiny appearance, which, to put it mildly, did not improve the look of the gown, which was also marred by the equally speedy appearance of wrinkles, and their subsequent development into cracks, while in order to obtain the heavy weight which the feminine public seemed to expect, foreign matter of a chemical nature was added to the silk, with anything but good effect.

Now this is all changed, and the women of to-day owe a hearty vote of thanks to the celebrated Swiss manufacturers, Messrs. Stehli, for the introduction of the "Stehli's new végétal dye" black silks, in which, by an elaborate process—which is outside my province and beyond my comprehension, though the result is of the utmost importance to us all—Messrs. Stehli remove all the oily matter from the silk, thus preventing any possibility of a greasy appearance, and, by using a perfectly harmless vegetable dye, ensure an extraordinary amount of wear for every yard of their silk. It is only natural, therefore, that the new black silk is being taken up on all hands, for women are quick to recognise a genuinely good article such as this. As to the prices, they are moderate, though, of course, not low, for you must bear in mind that you are getting the very best quality, and very special properties, too. Merveilleux ranges from 2s. 9d. to 5s. 6d. a yard, I may tell you, taffeta from three shillings, and satin duchesse from 6s. 3d.,

while richly-beautiful *grain de poudre* commences at four shillings. Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, keep every variety of the "Stehli's" silks, as do also Messrs. Jay, of Regent Street, and it can also be obtained from all the leading silk mercers and mourning warehouses, so take my advice and invest speedily in a dress-length, which will be both fashionable and serviceable, qualities which cannot always be obtained in conjunction. Then, when you are discussing the weighty question of how it shall be made, the accompanying design may be of some service to you. The style speaks for itself, but I may suggest violet mirror velvet, and jet as trimming.

Now, do you want to treat yourselves to a perfectly-built tailor-made costume, bearing the magic name of Redfern, for a sum considerably below the ordinary price, and, at the same time, to enjoy the pleasant consciousness that you are doing good to someone else? because if one or other or both of these reasons appeal to you, you should pay a visit to Messrs. Redfern's palatial premises in Conduit Street. This firm does not dismiss its workroom staff during the dull season, but keeps it almost intact all through the winter months, so, in order that they may be fairly employed, a considerable reduction is made in the prices, which are now quite low enough to enable those who have hitherto only longed for a Redfern garment to gratify their desire without any undue strain upon their dress allowances. This chance is open to you now, and the reductions will be in force till the end of February, so don't let such an opportunity slip by.

#### "THE WRONG GIRL'S" GOWNS.

The dresses in the new Strand piece can hardly be taken seriously, for those which are not simplicity itself are far up on the heights of exaggeration; for instance, to start with simplicity, Miss Fanny Brough as the Wrong Girl looks very smart in Act. I. in a perfectly-cut tailor-made gown of dark brown covert coating, with tiny revers and cuffs of velvet, and finished with a natty little pink silk tie and a silver chatelaine. Miss Violet Armbruster's gown, of striped green-and-white glacé, has a graceful fichu of white chiffon, bordered with lace, and deep cuffs of the same soft fabric tied in with white satin baby ribbon, while the *right* girl's dress is of turquoise-blue crépon, the bodice having a wide rever at the right side of dark violet velvet, fastened back with two steel buttons, the draped neck and waistband being also of the velvet, and a deep collar of white lace falling over the shoulders. Now for the exaggeration.

Miss Brough is obliged, for the purposes of the play, to don, with a disguising wig of golden hue, a somewhat startling dress of powder-blue cloth, the skirt bordered with a band of guipure, on which appear three rows of gold sequins, while beneath this there is a ruching of geranium-pink satin. The bodice has full sleeves of the satin and quaint little side basques, from which dangle balls formed of gold sequins. Add to this shoulder-cape of lace and a black velvet hat trimmed with pink feathers, and you have the picture complete.

But it is Miss K. L. Foote, a superbly-built and handsome American, who astonishes the audience, first with a dress of dark but bright blue moiré antique, with a full bodice of red silk, covered with white lace, and an open-fronted pelisse of red plush—another material, by-the-way, which is being taken up by Dame Fashion—the huge silk sleeves being also covered with lace, and her white velvet toque being bedecked with red roses and white tips. Next comes a handsome pelisse of garnet-coloured velvet, trimmed with fox fur, and, lastly, an evening gown of white satin, perfectly plain, and without sleeves, the décolletage being bordered with a fringe of pearls. As you may imagine, Miss Foote has a perfect neck and equally perfect arms. She it is who, in the little first piece—"The Queen's Prize"—takes the part of the New Woman, who has arrived at the volunteering stage, and is arrayed in a most attractive costume, consisting of full knickerbockers of grey cloth, striped with red at the sides, and full skirted coat, frogged with grey braid, and with touches of red on collar and cuffs, the jaunty little forage cap being of red and grey to match.

FLORENCE.

Our Royal Family are continually evincing their thorough accord with the spirit of the age; they are most enthusiastic in their appreciation of the typewriter. Within the past few days both the Queen and the Prince of Wales have granted warrants of appointment to the manufacturers of the Remington.

Mr. Chapman, who has already been chief of the Press Department at Earl's Court, has been appointed Press Manager at the forthcoming Empire of India Exhibition at the same place.

#### COUPON TICKET

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Ltd.,

40, 42, 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

**INSURANCE TICKET.** (Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger, and who, at the time of such accident, had upon his person this ticket, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

Nov. 28, 1894.

Signature.....



## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Nov. 24, 1894.

As we anticipated, discounts have hardened, and 1 per cent. is the lowest rate at which the finest three months' bills have been taken lately, while the Paris demand for gold continues brisk, and the new Baring Assets Trust Company, as to which we shall have a word to say later on, will transfer about one and a-half millions from the outside market to the Bank.

Consols have been very strong all the week, and business has been done at about 103½, which we believe to be a record for Goschens, and about the top price ever reached by the old 3 per cent. stock before the conversion. Of course, Home Corporation stocks and the highest class of Colonial loans have all risen in sympathy, and the amount of money seeking really first-rate investment is well exemplified by the gigantic total of the tenders for the poor half million of Ceylon 3 per cent. stock offered during the week, and which has been absorbed at an average of about 101, or 2½ per cent. above the minimum.

The month of November, 1894, will be notable in the annals of English finance for the end of the Baring liquidation, which has cast a gloom over the market during the last four years. You may expect, any day, the issue of the Baring Assets Trust Company's 5 per cent. second debentures to the extent of £1,000,000, which are to be offered to the public at par, subject to the guarantor's right to priority in allotment. The first debentures, a 4 per cent. stock, are taken by the old firm and its friends, and will amount to half a million, but as the assets are, on the most conservative valuation, worth at least £2,500,000, both issues should be quite secure, and the abuse the whole affair will probably receive in the *Investors' Review* may, dear Sir, be discounted as the angry vapourings of a disappointed Cassandra.

Home Rails have been buoyant during the last days of the week, especially the heavy lines, with North Western at their head, while stocks like Brighton A and South Eastern Deferred have quite recovered tone in the last forty-eight hours. Foreign bonds have also, taken as a whole, been well supported, partly upon some drop in the Argentine gold premium, and also on the supposed improved relations between Russia and England. To tell the truth, the average English investor has quite given up European stocks, such as Spanish, Italian, and even Hungarian, which are only dealt in here by the finance houses and a few speculators, but a very steady business goes on in Argentine, Uruguay, and Mexican Government securities, and people who are supposed to be behind the scenes keep buying Turks of Groups II. and III., even at the improved quotations now current.

The persistent offering of Canadian Pacific shares continues, and as the sales are for delivery, everybody begins to agree with the opinion we expressed a few weeks ago that the rumours of a fresh issue of preference stock are in all probability true. The large "bear" account in Trunks has kept up the price of the active stock, such as the guaranteed and the preferences, but the debentures keep falling away, showing most conclusively what a bad impression the action of the board has made on *bond-fide* investors, and how artificial is the steadiness of the market in the junior securities.

A powerful syndicate, with Messrs. Morgan at its head, has been formed for placing the bonds and stock of the Southern Railway Company (the old Richmond Terminal) on this market, and a start has been made upon the Stock Exchange by dealings in the bonds at about 88. The issue is a very large one, amounting to 120,000,000 dollars, and bears 5 per cent. interest, but we very strongly object to this way of bringing in a new security, and it is to be hoped the Stock Exchange Committee will put a stop to it.

You are a heavy loser by Atchison A and B bonds, and we are afraid we prevented you from selling when you could have got a better price, but, after reading Mr. Little's report and the other documents which have now arrived most carefully, we are inclined to advise you to buy a few more Atchisons to average those you already hold. The American market, as a whole, is very dead and lifeless, and perhaps better left alone, although, if you can afford to buy and pay for Atlantic firsts, Denver preference, and Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, we believe you will see good profits in the long run.

Among the Nitrate shares which we have from time to time recommended to you, dear Sir, you have more than once remarked that we have always omitted Primitivas, and the report has been the amplest justification for our attitude towards this company, but because Primitiva has not done well, please do not think that you are to expect a like misfortune among the companies such as San Rita, San Jorge, and Lautaro, in which, on our advice, you hold shares, and which are all doing very well. Nitrate rails have had quite a big spurt on French buying, but as the concern is doing well we see no reason to advise sale of your shares, although it might be wise to dispose of a portion of your very considerable holding at the current quotations, so reducing the price of the remainder by the extent of your realised profit, and practically securing yourself against loss. The Allsopp gamble still continues, but whether the "bulls" will be strong enough to give the "bears" another nasty squeeze remains to be seen; at any rate, we should advise you to stand aside and let the insiders fight it out.

The mining market is really the only active part of the Stock Exchange just now, and hither every ragged jobber who can raise a book and a pencil has betaken himself, in the assured hope of making his fortune. All your purchases show fine profits, dear Sir, and the question

is whether you should realise or hold on for a further rise. In the first place, we think you may as well clean out your New Louis d'Or, which we bought at 4s. 6d., and for which we can get 6s. 6d.; they were bought for a cheap speculation, and it never does to be too greedy.

As to the other high-class shares which you hold, we cannot help feeling that a set-back on profit-taking is very probable, especially in the case of Glencairns and Van Ryns, which have improved over 50 per cent. each since we advised their purchase a couple of months ago. The whole African market is resting on foreign buying, and we think on the whole you had better allow us to realise a few of your speculations, re-investing part of the proceeds in Champ d'Or Deep and Paarl Centrals, which have not, so far, responded to the rise in the same way as the other tips we have given you. Clewer Estates are also worth looking after.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE TOWN PROPERTIES OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA, LIMITED, wants £150,000 to speculate in allotments at Coolgardie. We have no doubt the concern has arranged to buy certain building sites in what is called the main street of this bush township, at about five times their proper value, but why any person should take shares in a concern which is going to give £42,000 for the privilege of paying too much for the lands, we fail to understand.

THE LADY LOCH GOLD MINE, LIMITED, is another of the many properties which Lord Percy Douglas has sent over. The vendors are willing to take nearly all their purchase price in shares, and several experts report that it is a fair venture, but we feel sure that applicants for shares will find it easier to get an allotment than to sell the shares when they have got them.

THE DUN-KWIK PATENT BOOT SYNDICATE is offering 1200 preference shares of £5 each and 1200 ordinary shares of £1 each, and if any person wishes to lose their money, this is a fine chance of doing it. Patent boots and patent pipes are always appearing and disappearing, but we hardly suppose any person will be foolish enough to give Mr. E. Woodhouse Veale £7200 for this valuable invention, besides taking all the risk of exploiting it.

THE PNEUMATIC TYPEWRITER, LIMITED, is offering 13,400 shares of £5 each for subscription. Even the celebrated and defunct firm of Cottam and Lambert used, as a rule, to put forward some sort of certificate when they exploited a patent, showing that it had been in practical use for a reasonable time; but the promoters of this concern, no doubt, look on such documents as quite unnecessary. There is nothing in the whole prospectus to show that the precious machine will work for a week in ordinary use, and, if the public can be induced to subscribe for these shares, it will be the most convincing argument in favour of the truth of that ancient maxim, "A fool and his money are soon parted."

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. B. (Birmingham).—We hope you got your papers back with our private letter. NEW CHUM.—After our remarks on this mine in last week's notes—which you had not seen when you wrote—your letter requires no answer.

A. E. B.—We are glad you have done well by taking our tip to buy Van Ryns at 2½. As you are nervous, sell half at present prices. We still recommend Champ d'Or Deep and Paarl Central.

VICTIM.—We really cannot write an essay on Company Law reform in this column. The abuses are great, and much of what you say is true; but your remedies are so crude that any company lawyer could drive a coach and four through the provisions you suggest.

LAMIE.—(1) Good enough. (2) A fair 5 per cent. bond. (3) Yes. (4) A matter of opinion, on which we have no material to form a judgment.

PERCY.—It was a gigantic swindle, but you are too late to object now, so pay up and write it off. When a company has gone into liquidation, no amount of fraud in its promotion will get you off the liability on your shares.

MEXICAN.—(1) We think well of Mexican 6 per cent. bonds. (2) On the whole, don't buy the New Chinese scrip. (3) A "bear" of Londonderry shares is very unsafe. (4) Sell your New Louis d'Or shares and take your profit.

LULE.—We cannot see on what principle you ask the City Editor to answer questions as to the age of actors. We don't know the gentleman you write about, and we have not the least desire to inquire as to his age.

D. M. J. The stock you hold is a mere gambling counter, and of no real value. The account is probably oversold, and we advise you to watch the market carefully and clear out on any small rise.

ABEL.—You might sell half your Nitrate Rails on the rise, for you have done well out of them. Hold San Ritas. Allsopps are too dangerous for us to advise about.

O. A. B.—Thanks for the compliment. See this week's notes as to your mines. It is very hard to advise about selling, but if you bought as a speculation you had better take the fine profit on some of your Glencairns at least.

A. B. C.—We hope you have got our private letter, and are satisfied with the list we sent you.

WENHAM.—(1) A fair investment. (2) There is a heavy liability on the shares, and, considering the risks of a marine insurance business, we do not advise the purchase. (3) There is also heavy liability on these shares, but the company is first rate. (4) We think well of these bonds. They are not a high-class investment. If you will run some risk you could not do better.

LOTTERY.—If you had read our Notes and Correspondence you would not have asked the question. These people charge 30 per cent. too much for the bonds they advertise, and you had better have no dealings with them. We will privately supply you with the name of a respectable firm who will do your business at the current market price.

X. Y. Z.—We have sent you the brokers' names, and hope you have received the letter. Thank you for the enclosure.

BOLTON.—Have no dealings with these people, they are vulgar swindlers. The other firm is perfectly honest—at least, as far as paying up goes—but they run the stock against you, and therefore it pays them to advise their clients wrongly.